

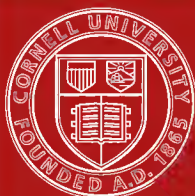


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Samuel Daniel

Engraved by W. J. Alais from the original by Cookson.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

*EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL
INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

BY THE
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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595—1623.

II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.

III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592.

IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599.

V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603.

VI. A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE
EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.

VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3.

VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603.

IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1885.

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[150 copies only.]

TO
LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.,

The Poet of

"SONGS OF TWO WORLDS," "EPIC OF HADES," "SONGS UNSUNG,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I dedicate this first collective and critical edition of the Works of
Samuel Daniel.

SEER AND SAGE—SAMUEL AND DANIEL—

UNITED IN HIS NAME WHOSE WORKS I BRING,
MORRIS, TO THEE. SO WITS OF OLD WOULD RING
QUAINT CHANGES ON A NAME THEY LOVED FULL WELL.
NOR LESS OWN WE TO-DAY THE DULCET SPELL
LAID ON US BY HIS OLD-WORLD CAROLLING:
THOUGHT-LADEN, YET OF SINGER THAT DOES SING;
HALF O' THE EARTH, HALF O' THE SKY,—AS BELL
IN CHURCH-TOWER HEARD FAINT ACROSS MOOR OR MERE.
I LOVE THIS GENTLE SPIRIT, MAN AND BARD;
I WOULD NOT HAVE HIS WREATH GROW DIM OR SERE:
TRUE POET OF OUR AGE, LET THY REGARD
SANCTION MY WORK OF LOVE, AS WITH STOOP'D KNEE
I HONOUR HIM, AND SEEK TO HONOUR THEE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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- Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623,
with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.
[Face Title-page.]
- Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record
Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly
diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.
[Face page xxii.]

PREFATORY NOTE.

MY rule in reproducing the WORKS of SAMUEL DANIEL has been, as throughout, to furnish the unmutilated, untampered-with text of the Author. I hold with deepened conviction that modernisations, improvements (so called), and arbitrary accommodation to modern syntax, orthography, punctuation, and the like, vitiate any classic, and render it impossible to trace the growth and gradual enrichment of our national Literature. I simply correct self-evidencing misprints—*e.g.*, p. 264, st. 3, l. 7, 'sparkling' for 'sprakling'; p. 265, st. 7, l. 4, 'veines' for 'weaues'; st. 8, l. 7, 'ouer-sowne' for 'ouer-swone'; and occasionally (,) comma for (.) period in middle of an unfinished sentence, and (;) semicolon for (,) comma—nothing more. Prefixed or affixed in their several places, the sources of the successive poems, etc., will be found recorded. I have also taken pains in noting 'various readings' wherever they occur. The value and interest of these are specially illustrated in the 'Delia' Sonnets.

As with SPENSER, 'Notes and Illustrations' are reserved for the Glossarial-Index in the

closing volume. Toward them I have the pleasure and satisfaction of promised aid from various capable and sympathetic fellow-workers on our elder Poets and Dramatists. In the same volume, the 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' will be given, with the completed text before the reader for reference. Therein tributes paid to "well-languaged Daniel," earlier and recent, may be looked for; also evidence of his influence from SHAKESPEARE to WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. Meantime, if the 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical'—though fuller than any hitherto—is far from being so matterful as I should have wished, it has not been from lack of search or research, or willing helpers. It is infinitely pathetic to find how very little the world knows of its most elect spirits.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction I furnish a dainty reproduction (by Alais) of the portrait of our Worthy—after that in the quarto of 1623—in all the four forms; and underneath it a fac-simile of his autograph from the Letter given in fac-simile (in the largest paper only) from H.M. Public Record Office. I owe thanks to the authorities there for facilitating the fac-simile being taken.

I am not without a hope of adding to our knowledge of Daniel as the Works proceed, as various friends are following up lines of inquiry.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
26th March, 1885.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.— BIOGRAPHICAL.

DANIEL and Daniell, Danyel and Danyell (and other variants) is a not infrequent surname in England, earlier and later. But there is a tantalizing absence of connecting links, as of anything in any way notable: *e.g.*, the Calendars of State Papers, somewhat preceding and contemporary with our “sweet Singer,” bring up a contentious John Daniel and his wife in weary iteration of complaint and appeal*—all long since passed into silence—together with others of the name, but without recognisable relationship between them. Certain Cornwall Daniels appear to have migrated from the “Low Countries,” albeit it is just possible that originally they had passed as Merchant-adventurers to ‘Middleburg’ from Cornwall.† Others are met with in Cheshire and several southern English counties.

The various authorities—Anthony à-Wood to Nightingale and Collinson—unite in describing our Poet as

* ‘Calendars,’ 1566 to 1618, *et alibi*.

† In *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1826 (vol. xcvi., P. i., pp. 130-2), is an interesting account of Daniels at Penzance in the reign of James I. His father was ‘Depute-Governor’ at Middleborough (Brabant) in 1613, and the Diarist of this paper notifies that he himself had been born there in 1599.

son of a JOHN DANIEL, a 'music-master'; and upon this Thomas Fuller writes—"his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet," and again characteristically on Christian and surname—"He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness" (*Worthies*: by Nuttall [1840], iii. 104). No one appears to have traced a 'musical' John Daniel, except the brother of the name. I am inclined to query whether the fraternal John Daniel has not been split into two John Daniels. *Certes*, the brother, has left tangible evidence that he was a 'music-master,'* whilst of the father as such nothing has been transmitted. Anthony à-Wood (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, by Bliss, *s.n.*) has designated Samuel as sprung of "a wealthy family." 'Wealth' was unlikely to belong to a 'music-master.' Unfortunately the County Historians in all their big books yield no speck of light on this or aught else—merely perfunctorily repeating after Wood, Fuller, *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis), *Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary*, etc., etc.

There is a shadow of uncertainty on his birth-place. According to Anthony à-Wood he was born at Beckington, near Philip's Norton (Somerset); but the historian apparently confused his burial-place with his birth-place. The Parish Register of Beckington goes back to 1559; but there is no recorded baptism of any Daniel there until 1567 (as onward). This is decisive on Wood's

* Dr. Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries* (1853), No. 179, records John Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice*, 1606, and that his name occurs among the Musicians for the Lutes and Voices in a Privy Seal of Dec. 20, 1625.

mistake (Rev. J. L. Sainsbury, M.A., rector of Beckington, to me). Le Neve* assigns it to "Wilmington, in Wiltshire, neare the Plaine of Salisburie." Unfortunately the earliest-dated Parish-register entry at Wilmington is 1688. Dr. Thomas Fuller, with an express note that he had been 'certified' of this by "some of his acquaintance," states that he was born "not far from Taunton (Somersetshire)." The 'acquaintance' cannot have been very intimate, as they were unable to inform him of either the date or place of his death. Again, unluckily, the Parish Registers of St. James's, Taunton (which at the period might have been accurately described as 'near' or 'nigh' Taunton), commence only in 1610. That of St. Mary's, Taunton, commencing before our Daniel's period, has no Daniel entry whatever.†

As his contemporaries have celebrated him as a 'Somerset' man,‡ we may safely assume that Le Neve was misinformed about Wilmington having been his birth-place, and that Fuller was correct in assigning it to "not far from Taunton." Surely some Somerset antiquary will 'take trouble' and elucidate the point. *Ad interim*, I judge not Taunton itself but (probably) some near-adjoining hamlet was the birth-place; perchance in Taunton Dean, "a parcel of ground round about Taunton," renowned in a still current proverb.§

* Lansdowne MSS. 983 f. 343.

† The Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, and Arthur Kinglake, Esq., J.P., Taunton, did their utmost to get at *data*; in vain thus far, save above.

‡ See 'Memorial-Introduction II. — Critical' for various notices.

§ "Where should I be born else than in Taunton Dean—with soil so rich that zun (= sun) and zoil (= soil) are all needed?"—*i.e.* no manure.

Somewhat somnolent Somerset has the distinction of having produced earlier, Hooper the martyr-bishop and Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Harington and Blake and Pym; and later, Bishop Bull, Ralph Cudworth, John Locke, and Henry Fielding; but no recognised Poet except Samuel Daniel (Thomas Coryat not in the running). It is about time Somerset erected some memorial of "well-languaged Daniel"?

The year birth-date was 1562 or 1563. This is arrived at from his entry as 'commoner' in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. This was in 1579, when he was in his seventeenth year; which carries us back to 1562-3. He was thus about a decade of years younger than Spenser (1553) and Sir Philip Sidney (1554), two or three years or thereby younger than Robert Greene ('about 1560'), and a little older than Shakespeare (1564), and Thomas Nashe (1564), and nearly contemporaneous with Michael Drayton (1563).

Of his preparatory education nothing whatever is known. He is alleged to have had an 'excellent tutor' at famous Magdalen. But according to Anthony à-Wood his 'geny' having inclined him rather to lighter studies, he remained under academic training for only "three years," and finally left the University—as did Philip Massinger—"without a degree" (Wood, as before). This brings us to 1582 or 1583. Wood's full account is:—

"He continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning, by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the university without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens" (*Ath. Oxon.*, by Bliss, ii. 268).

But though he thus left Oxford, he must have continued his scholarly studies and bookish habits, seeing that in 1584-5 there was published the following considerable book:—

The
Worthy tract of
Paulus Iovius, contayning a
Discourfe of rare inuentions, both
Militarie and Amorous
called Imprefe.

*Whereunto is added a Preface contay-
ning the Arte of compofing them, with
many other notable deuifes.*

*By Samuel Daniell, late Student
in Oxenforde.*

At London,
Printed for Simon Waterfon.
1585.

In fucceffion to the Translator's own Epistle-dedicatory of the 'Worthy Tract' to "The right worfhipful, Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maieftie," is a lengthy Epistle "To his good friend Samvel Daniel" by an (unknown) N. W. from 'Oxenforde,' wherein many well-turned compliments are paid to the young fcholar, closing thus:—

"Thus am I bold to animate and encourage you to your credite, which if I haue done to long, so vpon occafion did Tullio, Plato, Seneca: if rudely, ascribe it to fimplicities: if flightly, to the rarenes of your arte: if to copioufly, to too feruent defire: for feeing that *in verbis est aliquod præmium*, I had rather shewe myfelf to prodigall to my friends then a fnecke: which when you haue read, fier it."

In his "Defence of Rhyme," which was addreffed to ~~Philip~~ Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a pleafant glimpfe of his pofition from (probably) 1585 onward.

Willi.

He is defending his love of 'rhyme' in verse against Campion's heresy of hexameters, and thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron's mother—

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"—

"Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and receiued the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions, at Wilton, which I must euer acknowledge to haue been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and a grateful memory. Afterwards, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my powers therein, perceiuing it agreed so well both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me."

This seems to warrant us in concluding that upon leaving Oxford he was introduced to the 'charmed circle' of Wilton; albeit John Morris (in his Biographical Introduction to his "Selections" from Daniel) thus put it:—

"This may have been the case; but a closer examination will perhaps show his meaning to be, that in the first place he felt a grateful obligation to the Countess of Pembroke, for his having, through her kindness and encouragement, gained his earliest acquaintance with the delights of literature at Wilton, *his best school*; and that, in the next place, under the patronage of the Earl, he was *drawn further on*, or enabled to prosecute higher studies at the University. If this be his meaning, then it will appear that, while yet *young*, he had obtained the notice, and was favoured with the patronage, of Sidney's sister, the excellent Countess of Pembroke" (p. xiv).

The thing cannot be dogmatically pronounced upon under our dim light, but in my judgment he is contrasting the after-delights at Wilton as his 'best school'

with the (to him) dry-as-dust studies of Oxford that he had escaped from. This later date of residence at Wilton seems further strengthened by the headings of two of the 'Delia' Sonnets which inform us that he went to Italy; and it has been the unvarying tradition that he went thither with a Herbert. Besides, it is in relation to the same Sonnets and kindred poems—from 1590-1 onward—that he pays glowing homage to the illustrious Mary, Countess of Pembroke.* It is pleasant even at this late day to indulge the Pleasures of Imagination in a vision of young Samuel Daniel pursuing his poetical and other cultured studies at Wilton, while Sir Philip Sidney's death was still a recent memory (1586).

It was in 1591 that Samuel Daniel first came before the world as a Poet. This he did by the semi-furtive publication of twenty-seven of his Love-sonnets by Thomas Nashe in his famous edition of Sidney's *Astrophel* and *Stella*, 'edited' by this fiery Free-lance of our Literature (see 'Note' before 'Delia'). This led to his own publication of the series of Sonnets addressed (mainly) to 'Delia' in 1592. This first (authoritative) edition was followed by a second in the same year. A third appeared in 1594.

I do not suppose it is likely now that we shall ever know who 'Delia' was. But I for one recognize in these Sonnets a human passion, and not mere 'sportive wit' or 'idle play.' The grief grows o'times monotonous and even grotesque, but ever and anon there comes the genuine 'cry' of a man's heart in suspensive anguish. He is by no means a strong man—contrariwise reveals

* See Glossarial-Index, *s.n.*, for full notices of all the 'fair women' and 'brave men' celebrated by Daniel.

a good deal of valetudinarian sentimentalism; yet is there reality of 'love,' and not simply rhyme-craft.

Elsewhere (viz., in Note before 'Delia' and beneath the successive Sonnets) I record the variations of the several editions of 'Delia.' *At this point* it seems expedient to notice one Sonnet that is found in the first edition alone of 1592. It opens the series. It is headed simply 'To M. P.' John Morris (as before), as have others, explains, "the initials evidently stand for *Mary*, Countess of *Pembroke*" (p. 1). But this cannot be. For (a) How should he have used initials only in 1592, and given the name in full in 1594 ('Delia')? (b) Can we conceive such a liberty as a dependant thus using the simple initials M. P.? (c) It has been overlooked that in N. W.'s Epistle before 'Paulus Jovius' (1585) an unmistakable reference is made to 'M. P.' as a common friend and a MAN, thus:—

"A frend of mine whom you know, M. P., climbing for an *Egles* nest but defeated by the mallalent of fortune, limned in *his* studie a *Pine* tree stricken with lightning, carying this mot, Il mio sperar Yet in despight of fortune *he* deuised a Pinnacle or small Barke, tossed with tempestuous stormes, and on the saile was written *expectanda dies*, hoping as I think for one sunne shine day to recompence so many gloomy and winter monethes."

Who this M. P. was it is vain to conjecture; but the tone of the opening Sonnet of the 1592 volume utters personal disappointment and "want" and "care."

His 'journeying' to Italy being celebrated in the 'Delia' of 1592 dates it prior to that year. We know not how long or short before. The 47th Sonnet of 1594 is headed "At the Authors going into Italie," and the 48th "This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in

Italy"* (see present vol., pp. 71, 72). More interesting still—and hitherto strangely overlooked—his Verses on the translation of 'Pastor Fido' (see 'Occasional Poems' in the present volume) seem to make a personal reference to a conversation with Guarini, wherein the Italian depreciated the "English tongue." 'Pastor Fido' first appeared in 1590. This fact will require fuller after-notice (in 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical'). The publication of the Sonnets to 'Delia' made him 'famous' at a bound. He was in all men's mouths. He was a new voice in the heaven of English Song. Surrey and Wyatt had now an 'heir.' If thinner in substance, these Sonnets have finer literary form than theirs. His 'Verses commendatory'—as given in 'IX. Occasional Poems' in the present volume—testify that speedily his word went a long way to win public notice.

His 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Delia' Sonnets from the outset, and contained a memorable reference to his 'lady-love.' Between 1591-2 and 1600—wherever located—he must have burned the midnight oil over his Verse. The 1594 'Delia' was accompanied by 'Cleopatra,' a tragedy. In 1595 appeared the 'First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars.' In 1599 was issued 'The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented.' This added a fifth Book to the 'Ciuil Wars.' In 1600-1 he prepared his folio of the 'Works of Samuel Daniel, newly augmented.' This fine volume was primarily printed for gift-copies or private circulation. Some copies have special dedicatory poems prefixed (see pp. 4—9 of the

* To Mr. J. Payne Collier belongs the praise of having first observed these headings.

present volume). In 1600 he was engaged as tutor to the (afterwards) renowned Lady Ann Clifford, then in her eleventh year. Dr. Whitaker in his 'Craven' (by Morant, vol. i., pp. 386-7), thus writes :—

"Among the papers at Skipton Castle I met with an original book of accounts, filled with memoranda, relating to this lady's education from 1600 to 1602. In the beginning is the following prayer, intended, I suppose, to be used on entering the church—

'O Lord, increase o'r fayth, and make us euermore attentive hearers, true conceiuers, and diligent fulfillers, of thy heauenly will.'

And after—

'To wish and will it is my part,
To you, good lady, from my hart,
The yeares of Nestor God you send,
With hapynes to your life's end !'

These lines are, I think, in the handwriting of Samuel Daniel, her tutor; and when compared with the future history and long life of this young lady, then only eleven years old, it cannot be denied that their prayer was heard. She actually saw ninety years wanting only three, and the 'happiness' of the last thirty had no abatement to her 'life's end.'"

A still more noteworthy memorial of this tutorship is extant in his verse-address to his fair and precocious pupil. It is after the type of his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke's philosophic poetry, more thought-laden than wrought. He must have had a prescient discernment of the strength and intellectual capacity of young 'Lady Anne' (see present vol., p. 213). Doubtless his post at Appleby and Skipton had its pleasantnesses, and the Lady through life held her tutor in grateful memory—as witness his being introduced into a great family picture (still preserved), and his 'Whole Works in Verse' being placed along with Spenser's on

bookshelves introduced into the background, and his monument at Beckington. None the less his Letter to the Lord Chancellor Egerton has these unsatisfied words—

“Such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of *men*, I haue been constrayned to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene which nature had made my parte” (the present vol., p. 10).

From this memorandum it would seem that Daniel relinquished his tutorship in 1602, in which year first appeared Book VI. of the ‘Civil Wars.’ He had been ‘at Court’ toward the close of the foregoing century. There is a kind of vague tradition that Elizabeth appointed him ‘Laureate’ on the death of Spenser (in 1599). I find no evidence of this. But his ‘Panegyrike’ to King James must have been composed off-hand and as speedily printed (privately)—seeing that copies are found bound up in the folio of 1601—though it does not appear to have been formally or publicly delivered until 1603 in Rutlandshire, as the heading bears (present vol., p. 141). He is most uncourtly plain-spoken in his ‘Panegyrike’; and the King and Queen (Ann) deserve all credit for not taking offence. With all his faults and failings, the new king was in sympathy (in the beginning at any rate), with learning and genius. Equally manly was his splendid verse-epistle to Henry, Earl of Southampton. The Queen must have ‘taken’ to him right cordially. Whether his office was ‘at pleasure’ or by a verbal understanding, he was called upon from time to time to prepare ‘Masks’ and quasi-theatrical entertainments—as his ‘Dramatic’ productions show, *e.g.*, “Tethys’ Festival” and the “Vision of the Twelve

Goddesses," and "Hymen's Triumph" and "Queen's Arcadia." He must have been frequently at Court, and in intimate association with the royal family and nobility. Latterly he was eclipsed by "rare Ben" (who was surly and malignant toward him), and in his melancholy wrote "bitter things" against himself. His self-depreciation, if it be painful, is not without touch of grotesquerie. He grew weary of 'high life,' and secluded himself. Thomas Fuller quaintly describes his periodic retreats thus :—

"As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would be hid at his garden house in Old Street, near London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses); and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal" (*Worthies*, as before).

Spite of these retirements, he was a keen observer from his "loophole of retreat," and could express himself incisively. Thus his Tragedy of "Philotas" had been misapplied to the brilliant but unfortunate Earl of Essex. Thereupon the Author added a spirited 'Vindication' to the play—'spirited,' yet after all we had rather have had it unwritten. And not only so, but it having reached him that his patron-friend, the Earl of Devonshire ('Stella's' lord), was displeased with his use of his name, he addressed to this nobleman (in 1604) a striking Letter, as follows : *—

"My Lorde,

"Vnderstanding yo^r lo: is displeased w^t mee, it hath more shaken my harte then I did thinke any fortune could

* See fac-simile from the original in H.M. Public Record Office, in post 4to copies of the present volume, in this place.

have donne in respect I have not deservd it, nor donne or spoken any thing in this matter of Philotas ynworthy of yo^u or mee. And now having fully satisfyde my L. of Cranborne, I crave to vnburthen me of this imputation wth yo^r ho: and it is the last suite I will euer make. And therefore I beseach yo^u to vnderstand all this great erro^r I have cōmitted.

"first I tolde the Lordes I had written 3 Acts of this tragedie the Christmas before my L. of Essex troubles, as diuers in the cittie could witnes. I saide the maister of the Revells had p^rvsed it. I said I had read some parte of it to yo^r ho: and this I said having none els of powre to grace mee now in Corte & hoping y^t yo^u out of yo^r knowledg of bookes, or fauo^r of letters & mee, might answere that there is nothing in it disagreeing nor any thing, as I protest there is not, but out of the vniuersall notions of ambition and envie, the p^rpetuall argum^{ts} of bookes or tragedies. I did not say yo^u encouraged me vnto the p^rsenting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for y^t when I shewd it to yo^r hono^r I was not resolut to haue had it acted, nor should it haue bene had not my necessities ouermaistred mee. And therefore I beseach yo^u let not now an Earle of Devonsh^r ouerthrow what a L. Mountioy hath donne, who hath donne me good and I haue donne him hono^r: the world must, or shall know myne innocencie whilst I haue a pen to shew it, and for y^t I know I shall liue inter historiam temporis as well as greater men, I must not be such an abiect vnto my self as to neglect my reputation, and having bene knowne throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stayne of villaniē vppon my name whatsoever erro^r els might skape me vnfortunately thorow myne indiscreation, & misvnderstanding the tyme: wherein good my L. mistake not my harte that hath bene & is a syncere honorer of yo^u and seekes yo^u now for no other end but to cleare it self, and to be held as I ame (though I neuer more come nere yo^u)

"Yo^r hono^{rs}

"pore follower & faithfull Servant,

"SAMUEL DANYEL."

He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Theatre in connection with the licensing of 'Plays':

e.g., in the Calendars of State Papers under "January 31, 1604," we read:—

"Grant to Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thos. Kendall and Robert Payne, of license to train up children, to be called 'Children of the Reuels to the Queen,' and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London, or elsewhere; *all plays to be allowed by Sam. Danyell*" (p. 72).

This must have been a permanent function and post, for under "July 10, 1615," we find the following:—

"Sir Geo. Buck to John Packer, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain Somerset. The King has been pleased at the mediation of the Queen *on behalf of Sam. Danyell*, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol, under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office" (p. 294).

The late Mr. J. Payne Collier and Peter Cunningham have other entries and notes; but the forgeries of the former, and the unreliableness of the latter, compel me to leave them unutilized. The biographic fact to be accentuated is that he had (in Fuller's words) "a fair salary" from Queen Ann as "servant in ordinary." His own language is unmistakable in his verse-address "To her sacred Maiestie"—

"I who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest :
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest."
(Present vol., p. 9.)

Later (1618) his theatrical office must have passed to his brother, John Daniel (Calendars, *s.n.*).

When he was married, and to whom, still remain unknown. It has been stated—on the usual loose

acceptance of inferential statements—that JOHN FLORIO married a sister of Daniel. But he had no sister, so far as appears.* The Poet's use of 'brother' in his Verses to him was as 'brother' scholar or writer, not as relative. Only the Christian name—a foreign-like one, as if brought from Italy—Justina, has come down to us. They had no issue.

Equally untraced has been the date of his withdrawal from town to the country. The fact of such withdrawal is thus put by Fuller:—

“In his old age he turned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire near to Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman-poet, yet there is more required to make a good farmer than only to say the Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit on English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit. However, he had neither a *bank of wealth* nor a *bank of want*; being in a competent condition” (*Worthies*, as before).

Up to 1618—and so probably to the end—he was designated a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, as is seen in the royal licence then issued, which granted him the privilege of printing for his personal benefit his 'History of England.' In this licence he is described as “our well-beloued seruant Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Priuy Chamber, to our

* See our edition of Spenser, vol. iii., pp. lxxxviii—cii, “Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?”: also Bolton Corney's paper in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., viii., pp. 4, 35, etc. Though mistaken as to Bacon, Corney is certainly right as to Florio and Daniel. I am not aware that Florio had a sister whom Daniel might have married. In his Will there is no mention of a 'Justina' by Florio.

dearest wife the Queen" (Rymer's *Fædera*, vol. xvii., p. 22).

His 'farm' was near Beckington (Somerset)—where Daniels are found to have been resident*—and was named 'Ridge.' It is within hail of Bath—on the highway from Bath to Salisbury—and is still in a pleasant country. Here most probably he wrote his 'History.' Our final glimpse of him is in his Will, as follows: †—

"WILL OF SAMUEL DANIEL, THE POET.

"From the original in the Will Office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

"I, Samuelis } In the name of God, Amen. I, Samuel Danyel,
Danyell } sick in bodie but well in mynde, make heer
my last will and testament.

"First, I comitt my soule unto God, trusting to be saved by the pretious blood and deathe of my Redeemer, Jesus Christe; and my body to the earth, to be interred in the parish church where I dye.

"Item, I bequeathe to my sister, Susan Bowre, one feather bed, and wth the furniture thearto belonging, and such linnen as I shall leave at my house at Ridge.

"Item, I bequeathe to Samuel Bowre x^{li}.

"Item, to Joane Bowre x^{li}.

"Item, to Susan Bowre x^{li}.

"Item, to Mary Bowre x^{li}.

"For the disposing of all other things, I referre them to my faithfull brother, John Danyel, whome I here ordaine my sole executor, to whose care and conscience I comitt the performance thereof.

"And I likewise appoynt and ordayne my loving friend Mr. Simon Waterson, and my brother in lawe John Phillipps, to be

* The Parish Register, which begins in 1559, has a Thomas Daniell baptized in 1567, and an Editha Daniell in 1574.

† Shakspeare Society Papers, iv., 156-8.

overseers of this my last will and testament, whereunto I have set my hand and seal. Dated the 4th daye of September 1619.

“SAMUEL DANYEL.

“Witnesses of this my last will and testament.”

Umphery X Aldenes mark.

William X Wheatlyes mark.

The Will is written on one side of a sheet of foolscap paper, and signed by the poet himself in a neat but rather tremulous hand. The words “Witnesses of this my last will and testament,” are also autograph.

He ‘sleeps well’ at Beckington. His ‘pupil,’ the Lady Anne, years after placed a mural monument within the Church. It still bears the following inscription:—

HERE LYES' EXPECTINGE THE SECOND COMMING OF
OUR LORD & SAUIOUR JESUS CHRIST YE DEAD BODY
OF SAMUELL DANYELL ESQ THAT EXCELLENT POETT AND
HISTORIAN WHO WAS TUTOR TO THE LADY ANNE
CLIFFORD IN HER YOUTH SHE THAT WAS SOLE DAUGHTER
AND HEIRE TO GEORGE CLIFFORD ÆARLE OF CŪBERLAND
WHO IN GRATITUDE TO HIM ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
IN HIS MEMORY A LONG TIME AFTER WHEN SHE
WAS COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT
& MOŪTGOMERY. HE DYED IN OCTOBER 1619.

Such is the brief story of Samuel Daniel's ‘Life.’* The impression left on one, after pondering the facts, is that he was an infirm, over-sensitive man, physically

* Langbaine, *s.n.*, in his ‘Lives and Characters of the *English Dramatick Poets* (1691)’ blunders throughout in his account of Daniel—*e.g.*, he represents him as “weary of the world” and as “living till he was near eighty years old”!! (really 57). Wood's Ashmolean MSS. (quoted in Bliss's edition

and intellectually, though (as to Spenser) he led observers to conclude that he was capable of far greater things than ever he wrote. But for a 'Critical' estimate of his work the Reader is respectfully asked to wait until our closing volume.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

of *Ath. Oxon.*, ii. 26) furnishes this singular note—"Sam. Daniel being for the most part *in animo* Catholicus, was at length desired to be openly a Roman Catholic; but he denied, because that when he died he should not be buried in Westminster Abbey, and lie interred there like a Roman Catholic"—oracular and improbable. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' in our closing volume.

I.

INEDITED POEMS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1595—1623.

NOTE.

Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and published) of his Poems, reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift-copies of his books; none of which are found in the Quarto of 1623, or known to Bibliographers or Editors: *e.g.*, in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (but incorporating the first 'Foure Bookes' of the 'Ciuill Wars,' dated on title-page 1595) there is an overlooked Sonnet to Lord Mountjoy; and again in successive exemplars of the 1601 folio of his 'Works' as 'newly augmented' there occur the following: (a) In the beautiful presentation-copy in the Bodleian there is prefixed a long and characteristic poem on its being deposited in the renowned library. (b) In the British Museum copy (C. 39, h. 23) there is a verse-dedication 'to her sacred Majestie' (= Anne, consort of James I.), which takes the place of the one in the Bodleian, neither having the other. (c) In the Bridgewater copy is an autograph letter to the 'Lord Keeper Egerton,' first published in *Censura Literaria* (vol. vi. 291-3) and later by the late Mr. J. Payne Collier. On this and another Letter printed by the latter, see our Memorial-Introduction. Further, in the little volume of 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1607 (not of 1611, as stated by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., 'Anglo-Poetica,' *s.n.*) is an extremely noticeable verse-address 'To the Reader,' which was revised for the re-issue of the same volume in 1611—the latter supplying a line that had been inadvertently dropped in 1607. Finally, John Daniel introduces the Quarto of 1623 with an Epistle-dedicatory to Charles I. Though some of these have mainly reference to the 'Ciuill Wars' poems, yet as being so placed as to be introductory to the Works, it has been deemed expedient to bring them together here. Accordingly the whole will be found in their places. Other inserted and withdrawn Poems—equally unknown with these—are also given in their places, and indicated in relative footnotes (IX. Occasional Poems in the present volume). It is just possible that other gift-copies, more especially of the 1601 folio, may yield other special Poems.

A. B. G.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR
Charles Blunt Knight, Lord *Mountioy*,
and Knight of the most Noble
order of the Garter, and his
most worthy Lord.¹



DO not plant thy great respected name
Here in this front, to th' end thou
shouldst protect
These my endeours from contempt
or blame,
Which none but their owne forces
must effect :

Nor do I seeke to win thy more respect, 10
Most learned Lord, by these Effayes of mine,
Since that cleere iudgement that did first elect
To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine :
Nor do I this more honour to assigne,
Vnto thy worth, that is not more hereby,
Since th' offrings made vnto the powers deuine,
Enrich not them, but shew mens pietie:
But this I do to th' end if destinie
Shall any monument referue of me,
Those times should see my loue, how willing I 20
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.
S. D.

¹ From "The Poeticall Effayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented. Aetas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. At London. Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599" (4°). "First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars," title-page 1595.

II.

S. D.
TO HIS BOOKE,
In the Dedicating thereof to the Li-
brarie in Oxford, erected by
Sir Thomas Bodley
Knight.¹



Eere in this goodly Magazine of
witte,

This Storehouse of the choifest
furniture

The world doth yeelde, heer in this
exquisite,

And most rare monument, that
dooth immure

10

The glorious reliques of the best of men ;

Thou part imperfect worke, voutsafed art

A little roome, by him whose care hath beene

To gather all what euer might impart

Delight or Profite to Posteritie ;

Whose hospitable bountie heere receiues

Vnder this rooffe powers of Diuinitie,

Inlodg'd in these transformed shape of leaues.

For which good Worke his Memorie heere liues,

As th' holy guardian of this reuerent place,

20

Sacred to Woorth, being fit that hee which giues

Honour to others, should himselfe haue grace.

¹ From the 'Works of Samuel Daniel newly augmented,' 1601 (folio), in the Bodleian.

And charitable BODLEY that hath thus
 Done for the good of theſe, and other times,
 Muſt liue with them, and haue his fame with vs.
 For well wee ſee our groueling fortune climes
 Vp to that ſphere of glory, to be ſeene
 From farre, by no courſe elſe, but by this way
 Of dooing publique good ; this is the meane
 To ſhew we were, how fram'd, of what good clay. 30
 For well we ſee how priuate heapes (which care
 And / greedy toyle prouides for her owne endes)
 Doe ſpeede with her ſucceeders, and what ſhare
 Is left of all that ſtore, for which it ſpendes
 It ſelfe, not hauing what it hath in uſe,
 And no good t' others nor it ſelfe conferres :
 As if that Fortune mocking our abuſe
 Would teach vs that it is not ours, but hers
 That which we leaue : and if we make it not
 The good of many, ſhe will take that paine, 40
 And re-diſpers th' incloſed parcelles got
 From many hands, t' in-common them againe.
 Which might aduiſe vs, that our ſelues ſhould doe
 That worke with iudgement, which her blindneſſe will,
 And paſſe a State which ſhe cannot vndoe,
 And haue th' aſſurance in our owne name ſtill.

For this is to communicate with men
 That good the world gaue by ſocietie,
 And not like beaſts of prey, draw all to' our Den
 T'inglut our ſelues, and our owne progenie. 50
 This is to make our giſtes immortall giſtes,
 And thanks to laſt, whiſt men, and bookes ſhall laſt ;
 This heritage of glory neuer ſhiftes
 Nor changes Maiſters ; what thou leau'ſt thou haſt.

The grounds, the lands, which now thou callest
thine,

Haue had a thousand lords that term'd them
theirs,

And will be soone againe pent from thy line,
By some concussion, change, or wastefull heires.

We can no perpetuities collate

Vpon our race that euer will endure ; 60

It is the worlds demaines, whereof no state

Can be by any cunning made so sure,

But at the change of Lordes for all our paine,

It will returne vnto the world againe.

And therefore did discreet Antiquitie,

Heere / (seeing how ill mens priuate cares did
speede),

Erect an euerlast[ing] Granery

Of Artes, the vniuersall State to feede,

And made the worlde their heire, whereby their
name

Holdes still a firme possession in the same. 70

O well giuen landes, wherein all the whole land

Hath an eternall share ! where euery childe

Borne vnto Letters, may be bolde to stand

And claime his portion, and not be beguilde.

Happy erected walles whose reuerent piles

Harbour all commers, feede the multitude :

Not like the proud-built pallace that beguiles

The hungry soule with empty solitude ;

Or onely raised for priuate luxurie

Stands as an open marke for Enuies view, 80

And being the purchase of felicitie

Is Fortunes in remainder, as her due.

But you, blest you, the happy monuments
Of Charitie and Zeale, stand and beholde
Those vaine expences, and are documents
To shew what glory hath the furest holde.
You tell these times, wherein kind Pietie
Is dead intestate, and true noble Worth
Hath left no heire, that all things with vs die, 89
Saue what is for the common good brought forth.

Which this iudicious Knight did truely note,
And therefore heere hath happily begunne
To shew this age, that had almost forgot
This way of glory, and thereby hath wonne.
So much of Time, as that his memorie
Will get beyond it, and will neuer die. 96

III. To her sacred Maiestie.¹



EEERE sacred Soueraigne, glorious
Queen of Peace,
The tumults of difordred times I
sing,
To glorifie thy Raigne, and to in-
crease
The wonder of those blessings thou
dooft bring

Vpon thy land, which ioyes th' intire release
From bloud and sorrowes by thy gouerning,
That through affliction we may see our ioyes
And bleffe the glorie of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors
That euer fate vpon that powrefull Throne ;
Or all thy mightiest neighbour-Gouernors,
Which wonder at the blessings of thy Crowne,
Whose Peace more glorious farre than all their
warres,
Haue greater powres of admiration showne ;
Receiue these humble fruites of mine increase,
Offered on th' Altare of thy sacred Peace.

10

¹ From 1601 folio in British Museum.

I, who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest :
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd 20
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest,
Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd
This blessed Vnion which these wounds redrest,
That sacred Concord which prepar'd the way
Of glory for thee onely to enioy:

Whereto if these my Labors shall attaine,
And which, if Fortune giue me leaue to end,
It will not be the least worke of thy Raigne,
Nor that which least thy glory shall commend,
Nor shall I hereby vainely entertaine 30
Thy Land, with ydle shadowes to no end,
But by thy Peace, teach what thy blessings are,
The more t' abhorre this execrable warre.

IV. AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SAMUEL

Danyel sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with
a present of his Works newly augmented, 1601, extant in the
Bridgewater Library.¹



RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Amongst all the great workes
of your Worthynes, it will not be the
least that you haue done for me in
the preferment of my brother, with ¹⁰
whome yet now sometimes I may
eat, whilst I write, and so go on with
the worke I haue in hand which God knowes had long
since been ended, and your Honour had had that
which in my haste I haue prepared for you, could I
haue but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and
peace with the world.

But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should
haue written the actions of *men*, I haue been con-
strayned to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne ²⁰
owne spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had
made my parte; for could I but liue to bring this
labour of mine to the Union of Henry, I should haue
the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost
of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any

¹ From 'Censura Literaria,' vi., 291-3.

thing vppon the affections of men, I will labour to giue the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing vp of these woundes, and to my keeping them so, that our land may lothe to look ouer those blessed boundes, which the prouidence of God hath set us, into the 30 horror and confusion of further and former clymes: and though I know the greatnes of the worke require a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheels moue the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes what so poore a muse as myne may worke upon the affections of men.

But howeuer I shall herein shew my zeal to my country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit; and to this end do I propose to retyre me to my pore 40 home, and not again to see you till I haue paid your Honor my voutes; and will only pray that England, which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure of your counsell, and that it be not driuen to complayne with that good Rōman: *Videmus quibus extinctis juris-peritis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

And for this comfort I haue receiued from your goodness, I must and euer will remayne your Honour's in all &c.

50

I am, &c.,

SAMUEL DANYEL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton,
Knt., Lord Keeper of the Great
Seale of England.

V. *To the Reader.*¹



BEHOLD once more with serious labor
here

Haue I refurnisht out this little
frame,

Repaired some parts defectiue here
and there,

And passages new added to the
same :

Some rooms enlargd, made some les thē they were
Like to the curious builder who this yeare
Puls downe, and alters what he did the last,
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes thats past. 10

For that we euer make the latter day
The scholler of the former, and we find
Something is still amisse that must delay
Our busines, and leaue worke for vs behinde,
As if there were no faboath of the minde.
And howsoever be it, well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne, I may
Do whatfoeuer therewithall I will.

¹ From "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by *Samuel Daniel*, one of the Groomes of the *Queenes Maiesties Priuie Cham-ber*, & now againe by him *corrected and augmented*. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus*. At London. Printed by I. W. for *Simon Waterfon*. 1607." (12^o).

I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie :
 It is the building of my life, the fee 20
 Of Nature, all th' inheritance that I
 Shall leaue to those which must come after me ;
 And all the care I haue is but to see
 Those lodgings of m' affections neatly drest,
 Wherein so many noble friends there be
 Whose memories with mine must therein rest.
 And glad I am that I haue liud to see
 This edifice renewd, who doo but long
 To liue t' amend. For man is a tree
 That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long 30
 Before he come t' his taste ; there doth belong
 So much t' experience, and so infinite
 The faces of things are, as hardly we
 Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.

Besides these curious times, stuf'd with the store
 Of cōpositions in this kind, to driue
 Me to examine my defects the more,
 And oft would make me not my self belieue,
 Did I not know the world wherein I liue :
 Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme 40
 Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth giue
 That it disliks, nor that it doth esteeme.

I know no work from man yet euer came
 But had his marke, and by some error shewd
 That it was his, and yet what in the same
 Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd
 Safe cōuoy for the rest : the good thats sow'd
 Though rarely paies our cost, & who so lookt
 T' haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame
 In mens inuentions, neuer must read books. 50

And howfoeuer here detraction may
 Disualew this my labour, yet I know
 There will be foud therein, that which wil pay
 The reckning for the errors which I owe,
 And likewise will sufficiently allow
 T' an vndistasted iudgement fit delight,
 And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say
 The woorst it can, I know I shall haue right.

I know I shalbe read among the rest 60
 So long as men speake english, and so long
 As verse and vertue shal be in request,
 Or grace to honest industry belong :
 And England since I vse thy present tongue,
 Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defence
 If to new eares it seemes not well exprest ;
 For though I hold not accent I hold sence.

And since the measures of our tong we see
 Confirmd, by no edict of power doth rest
 But onely vnderneath the regencie 70
 Of vse and fashion, which may be the best
 Is not for my poore forces to contest :
 But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake,
 Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be,
 And yet not in his feathers but his beake ;
 Authoritie of powerfull censure may
 Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
 This matter of our spirite, but if it pay
 The eare with substance, we haue what wee wold,
 For that is all which must our credit hold. 80
 The rest (how euer gay, or seeming rich
 It be in fashion wise men will not wey),
 The stamp will not allowe it but the touch.¹

¹ This line only in 1611 edition—dropped inadvertently in 1607.

And would to God that nothing faulty were
But only that poore accent in my verse,
Or that I could all other recknings cleere
Wherwith my heart stands charg'd, or might
 reverse

The errors of my iudgmēt passed here,
Or els where, ~~in my bookes,~~ and vnrehearse
What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest
Vnto neglect, mistaken in the rest. 90

Which I do hope to liue yet to retract
And craue that England neuer will take note
That it was mine. Ile disauow mine act,
And wish it may for euer be forgot.
I trust the world will not of me exact
Against my will, that hath all els I wrote.
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely to haue in mine owne againe. 99

 TO THE HIGH AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS Prince CHARLES *His Excellence*.¹

SIR :



Refents to gods were offered by the hands of graces ; and why not those of great Princes, by those of the Muses ? To you therefore Great Prince of Honor, and Honor of Princes ; I ioyntly present Poesie and Musicke : in the one the seruice 10
of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my selfe liuing, in both the deuotion of two Brothers, your Highnes Humble seruants. Your Excellence then who is of such recommendable fame, with all Nations, for the curiosity of your rare Spirit to vnderstand, and ability of Knowledge to iudge of all things, I humbly inuite ; leauing the Songs of his Muse, who liuing so sweetly chanted the glory of your High Name : Sacred is the fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes ; To which

Humbly bowes, and vowes

Himself, euer your

Highnesse Seruant,

Iohn Daniel.

20

¹ From the ' Works ' of 1623 (4°).




THE W H O L E V V O R K E S O F

SAMVEL DANIEL Esquire
in Poetrie.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for
SIMON WATERSON, and are to be
sold at his shoppe in *Paules Church-*
yard, at the *Signe of the Crowne.*
1623.

 The title-page of the Quarto of 1623 is given on other side, as it is our foundation-text. See Prefatory Note and Memorial-Introduction.—G.

II.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

1592.

NOTE.

The 'Sonnets to Delia' and 'Complaint of Rosamond,' as having been the Poet's first verse-publication, as well as perhaps his most abiding proofs of his faculty, take inevitably the foremost places in any critical reproduction of his Poems. The publication of the Sonnets was in a manner forced, if we are to credit the Author's statement in his preface to the first edition (1592). The reference is to the quasi-surreptitious edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' of 1591, the "rascally bookseller" being Thomas Newman, and the editor no less than Thomas Nashe. To this now very rare volume were "added sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen." The larger proportion consists of twenty-seven of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia. Full details of these in the sequel of this Note.

The following is the original title-page, which is within a pretty wood-cut border :—

Delia.

Contayning certayne
Sonnets: with the
complaint of
Rosamond.

(. .)

☞ *Aetas prima canat veneres
postrema tumultus.*



AT LONDON.

Printed by I. C. for Si-
mon Waterfon, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at
the signe of the Crowne.

1592.

On verso is this Note :—

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct these faultes
escaped in the printing, finding them as they
are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most unkindest, read fweete unkindest.

Sonnet 14. Yer leaft, read Yet leaft.

Sonnet 20. defires, read defiers.

Sonnet 36. yee, read yce

Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow.

Sonnet 44. tunres, read turnes.

The second edition was issued in the same year, though not so marked. As the above errata are found corrected in it, we are guided to distinguish it from the other, as second, not first. The following is its title-page, which is within a somewhat poor architectural design, with two tiny miniatures in top corners (a man and a woman), and flowers in the bottom corners. The dove, = Holy Spirit, is above in arch, and the legend *Διος*, etc. :—

ΔΙΟΣ ΑΙΤΙΟΧΙΟΝ
DELIA.

Containing
certaine Son-
nets : with the
complaynt of Ro-
samond.

*Ætas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.*

1592

AT LONDON

Printed by J. C. for S.

Waterfonne.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his "Bibliography of Old English Literature" (*s.n.*), describes a third edition, also of 1592. There was none such. He has confounded the actual first edition with the second, and mis-entered the first, and made a third out of the second. He and others also prove to be mistaken in asserting that an exemplar of the first edition (entered by Hazlitt as second) is at Chatsworth. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire

informs me that no such book appears ever to have been in his library. Fortunately a perfect copy of the first and an only slightly imperfect copy of the second edition, exist in the Bodleian (Malone and Tanner books). A third edition, in a very charming little volume (18mo), was published in 1594. Its title-page, within a miniature copy of the title-page of 1592, second edition, is as follows :

DELIA
and
ROSAMOND
augmented.
CLEOPATRA.

By
Samuel Daniel.

*Ætas prima can-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumultus.*

1594.

Printed at London for *Simon Waterfon*, and
are to be fold in *Paules Church-yard* at the
figne of the Crowne.

On verso of Sonnet to Countess of Pembroke :—

Gentle Reader correct these
fautes efcafed in the
printing.

Sonnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.

G 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting,

In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus

The iustice of the heanens reuenging thus,

Doth onely fatiffie it felfe, not vs.

In the last chorus, for care, reade cure.

A careful collation shows that these three editions were all Daniel himself supervised throughout. Later texts give a few isolated and verbal changes, but the little volume of 1594 was evidently meant to be the ultimate text. Accordingly, at the bottom of each page of our edition of the 'Sonnets to Delia,' there are furnished the various readings and other alterations of these three editions, respectively designated ¹, ², ³;

and also such as occur in the folios of the 'Works' of 1601 and 1602 (quite distinct), these again being designated respectively ⁴, ⁵. It is to be understood that wherever ⁴, ⁵ are not adduced they agree with our own foundation-text of 1623. It has been my anxious endeavour to record everything in any way noticeable, not however noting all mere orthographic changes or minor punctuations. The following table gives the contents and varying arrangement of the five editions named :—

1592—FIRST EDITION.

I. Title and errata (verso).

II. Prose-epistle to Countess of Pembroke.

Sonnet 1. Vnto...	so 1594, 1601, and 1602.		
2. Goe...	"	"	"
3. If...	"	"	"
4. These...	"	"	"
5. Whilst...	"	"	"
6. Faire...	"	"	"
7. O had she...	"	"	"
8. Thou poore...	"	"	"
9. If thus...	"	"	"
10. O then...	"	"	"
11. Teares...	"	"	"
12. My spotted...	"	"	"
13. Behold...	"	"	"
14. Those amber...	"	"	"
15. If that...	"	"	"
16. Happie...	"	"	[and 17 is 18.
17. Since...	in 1594 and 1601-2, 17 Why should I sing,		
18. Restore...	in 1594 is 19 19 and 20 in ⁴ , ⁵ What, etc.		
19. If Beantie...	"	20	21 in ⁴ , ⁵ .
20. Come death...	"	21	22 "
21. Those forrowing...	"	22	24 "
22. False hope...	"	23	25 "
23. Look...	"	24	26 "
24. If I in vaine...	"	28	—not in ⁴ , ⁵ .
25. Raigne...	"	25	27 in ⁴ , ⁵ .
26. Whilst...	"	26	27 is 27 of ² , and 28 in ⁴ , ⁵ .
27. The starre...	"	29	31 in ⁴ , ⁵ .
28. Rayning...	"	30	And yet... 28 is 31, and in ⁴ , ⁵
29. O why...	"	32	34 in ⁴ , ⁵ . [is 33.
30. I once...	"	33	35 "

Sonnet 31. Looke...	in 1594 is 34	36 in ⁴ , ⁵ .	
32. But loue...	"	35 37 "	[xxxiii.]
33. When...	"	36 38 "	(but misprinted
34. When Winter...	"	37 38 [<i>sic</i>].	
35. Thon canst...	"	38 39 is 40 in ⁴ .	
36. O be not...	"	39 41 in ⁴ , ⁵ .	
37. Delia...	"	40 42 "	
38. Faire...	"	41 43 "	
39. Reade...	"	42 44 "	
40. My Cynthia...	"	43 45 "	
41. How long...	"	44 46 "	
42. Beautie...	"	45 47 "	
43. I must...	"	46 48 "	
44. Drawne...	"	47 O whether, etc., and 44 is 48	
		in '94, and so ⁴ , ⁵ , and 50 is 51	
		in ⁴ , ⁵ .	
45. Care-charmer...	"	49 51 in ⁴ , ⁵ .	
46. Set...	"	50 As to the Roman in 51, and	
47. Like as...	"	52 54 in ⁴ , ⁵ .	[53 in ⁴ , ⁵ .
48. None...	"	53 55 "	
49. Vnhappy...	"	54 56 "	
50. Loe here...	"	55 57 "	
An Ode...	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	
The Complaint of Rosamond...	"	"	
A Pastorall...	"	"	

1592—SECOND EDITION.

Title, etc., and Sonnets 1 to 26 same as 1st edition.

27 Still in the trace...

28 Oft doe I mufe...

29—30 as in 1st ed.

31 To M. P., and 27 of ¹, again marked 31.

32 (numbered xxx.), My cares...

33 misprinted xxii. is 28 of ¹.

34 is 30 of ¹.

33 (2nd) is 29 of ¹.

35 is 31 of ¹.

36 is 32 of ¹.

37 is 33 of ¹.

38 is 34 of ¹.

Sonnet 39 is 35 of ¹.
 40 is 36 of ¹.
 41 is 37 of ¹.
 42 is 38 of ¹.
 43—46 lacking in Bodleian copy.
 47 is 43 of ¹.
 48 is 44 of ¹.
 49 is 45 of ¹.
 50 is 46 of ¹.
 51 is 47 of ¹.
 52 is 48 of ¹.
 An Ode...
 The Complaint...

Summarily, the first edition contained 50 Sonnets, the second 52, the third 55, the fourth and fifth 57, and following the third (substantially) —ours 60, exclusive of additions in the sequel of this Note from volume of 1591. In the Memorial-Introduction I make remarks on certain of the various readings and alterations and additions and withdrawals.

I would now submit the result of a collation of Thomas Newman's or Thomas Nashe's pre-publication of a considerable proportion of these Sonnets. The selection is headed as though it made a single continuous Poem thus—"The Author of this Poeme, S. D.," and commences with "Goe wayling," etc., for introduction (our Sonnet 2); and here in the outset a better reading than the Author's presents itself, viz.—'Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue' for 'infants'; and in l. 12, 'crueltie' for 'pitty' [badly], and ll. 13, 14 run—

' Knock at her hard heart : fay, I perish for her,
 And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.'

• • Then comes as Sonnet 1 our 1st ; Sonnet 2 our 24th. Sonnet 3 was not reprinted by Daniel, but asserts its authorship. It is as follows :—

' The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
 When weary of the tedious life thee lines,
 By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames :
 Her ashes to her shape new essence giues.
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires
 I figured on the table of my hart,
 The goodliest shape that the worlds eye admires,
 And so did perish by my proper arte.

And fill I toyle to change the Marble breft
 Of her whose fweete *Idea* I adore,
 Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my reft ;
 Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.
 O bleffed he that ioyes his ftone and arte,
 Vnhappie I to loue a ftonie harte.'

Sonnet 4 is our 3rd, and offers these variations :—

l. 2, ' . . . and afflicted fongs ' for ' lamentable fongs. '

ll. 4, 5, ' . . . who like to me doe fare

May moue them, sigh thereat and mone my wrongs. '

l. 6, ' . . . my foules diftreffe. '

ll. 7, 8, ' . . . you will note what is awry,

Whilst blind ones fee no error in my verfe. '

l. 9, ' . . . hap and errour leades. '

l. 10, ' the ' for ' your. '

l. 11, ' . . . forrow reads. '

Sonnet 5 is our 11th. In l. 1, for ' winne ' it reads ' gaines, ' and ll. 9-10 read—

' Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares,
 Though my foules Idoll fkorneweth all my vowes. '

l. 11, ' to deafned eares. ' Sonnet 6 is our 37th, and opens, ' Why doth my Miftres, ' and l. 10 reads ' the power of your face ' ; l. 11, ' To admire ' ; l. 12 (badly) ' caufe ' for ' cafe, ' and closes—

' I feare your change not flower nor *Hyacinth*,
 Medufa's eye may turne . . . '

Sonnet 7 is our 14th : l. 4 reads ' thefe ' for ' thofe ' ; l. 6, ' ftroke ' for ' wound ' ; l. 8, ' that ' for ' this fort ' ; l. 9, ' I lift ' for ' And lift ' ; l. 10, ' this ' for ' the ' repeated ; and l. 14, ' Ladie ' for ' Delia '—showing delicacy on Nashe's part. Sonnet 8 is our 13th, and reads l. 7, ' goodlieft ' for ' faireft ' ; l. 10, ' fweete *Idea* ' for ' fweeteft grace ' ; and l. 13, ' O bleffed he that ioyes ' for ' But bappy, ' etc. Sonnet 9 is our 27th, and yields these variations—l. 3, ' And clofe the way ' ; l. 4, ' bitter ' for ' better ' [very doubtful] ; ll. 5-6—

' Whileft garding thus the windowes of my thought
 My freedomes tyrant glorying in hir art ' :

l. 11, ' But (ah) fweete ' for ' Small is the victorie. '

Sonnet 10 is our 28th, and blunders in reading ' yeelds . . . who gaines, ' and ' and figh ' (l. 14). Sonnet 11, again, was not accepted by Daniel, but equally again reveals its authorship. It is as follows :—

' The flie Inchanter when to worke his will
 And secreet wrong on some forspoken wight,
 Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright
 The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill,
 And prickes the image fram'd by Magicks skill,
 Whereby to vexe the partie day and night :
 Like hath she done, whose shew bewitcht my fight,
 To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spil.
 For first, like waxe she fram'd me by her eyes,
 Whose rayes sharp poynted set vpon my brest,
 Martyres my life, and plagues me on this wife,
 With lingring paine to perish in vnrest.
 Nought could (saue this) my sweetest faire suffice,
 To trie her arte on him that loues her best.'

Sonnet 12 is our 19th, and has only slight variations, *e.g.*, l. 1, 'treasure' for 'treffes,' and l. 10, 'voyce yeeld to *Hermonius* spheares.' Sonnet 13 is another that only appears in 1591 volume, but once more is self-authenticating. It is as follows :—

' The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere,
 Vpon thine Altare (*Paphian* power) I place ;
 The greuous shipwracke of my trauels deere,
 In bulged barke, all perisht in disgrace.
 That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
 My Sailes were loofe, spread with my fighs of grieve,
 The twine lights which my haples course did shew,
 Hard by th' inconstant fands of false reliefe,
 Where two bright starres which led my view apart,
 A Syrens voice allur'd me come so neare,
 To perish on the marble of her hart,
 A danger which my foule did neuer feare :
 Lo thus he fares that trusts a calme too much ;
 And thus fare I whose credit hath beene such.'

Sonnet 14 is our 48th, and presents these various readings :—

1. 3, ' . . . dies' for 'dries.'
1. 6, ' . . . the night wandring.'
1. 7, 'Nor euer hath his impost paid more . . .'
1. 8, ' . . . my foules Queene hath euer beene.'
11. 9-11, 'Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay removing
 No comfort to my cares she euer giueth
 Yet had I louing.'

l. 12, 'Than to imbrace'

l. 13, 'I feare raining.'

Sonnet 15 is our 15th, and has these readings :—

l. 1, 'If a true'

l. 3, 'Steruen.'

ll. 9-12, 'If I haue wept the day and fighd the night,
Whilft thrice the Sun approach his northern bound :
If fuch a faith hath euer wrought aright,
And well deferud, and yet no fauor found.'

ll. 13-14, '. . . . the whole world it may fee
. . . . the moft hurt be.'

Sonnet 16 is our 18th, and only these variations occur : l. 6, 'exacts' for 'exact,' and l. 7, 'So long and pure a faith no fauour.'

Sonnet 17 is the fourth and last of the Sonnets given by Newman and Nashe, but not reprinted by Daniel, albeit as certainly his. It is as follows :—

'Way but the cause, and giue me leaue to plaine me,
For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it ;
Shee whom I loue fo deare, the more to paine me,
Withholds my right, where I haue dearely bought it.
Dearly I bought that was fo highly rated,
Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wafting,
Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated,
For all shee saw my Loue was pure and lasting,
And yet now scornes performance of the passion,
And with her prefence Iustice ouer ruleth,
Shee tels me flat her beauty beares no action,
And fo my plea and proces she excludeth :
What wrong shee doth, the world may well perceiue it,
To accept of faith at first, and then to leaue it.'

Sonnet 18 is our 29th, and gives these various readings :—

ll. 4-5, 'When it had hop'd'

My faith of priuiledge could no whit'

l. 7, 'Whereby she had no cause once to'

l. 10, 'No comforts liue, w[h]ich falling spirits erecteth' ;

l. 14, 'And by her hand that . . . where I had hope to'

Sonnet 19 is our 26th, and presents these :—

l. 2, '. . . . thought to thought leade'

l. 3, 'Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds'

- l. 4. 'bad' for 'fad' [very poor]
- l. 6. ' neuer funne yet.'
- l. 7. 'A pleafing grieve impreffed hath'
- ll. 9-10, 'Yet muft not.'

Sonnet 20 is our 16th, but after the version in Nashes beneath *in loco*. It badly reads in l. 2 'hart' for 'hurt' and 'mooued' for 'inur'd'; in l. 6 of our 16th reads '. . . . mercy (mercie yet my merit)' which is better; l. 9, 'Yet fince'; l. 10, 'Still forrowes'; and ll. 12-14 run:—

'And nothing but her loue and my harts payning:
Weep howrs, grieve daies, figh months, and ftill mourn yeerly,
Thus muft I doe becaufe I loue her dearlie.'

Sonnet 21 is also our 21st, and has these variations:—

- l. 1, '. . . . bright be doubled' [bad]
- ll. 2, 5, '. . . . cannot fhine through
And Difdaines vapors are thus
. to me quite darkened is,
Why trouble I the world then with my
- l. 7, '. . . . 'ruthfull' for 'ruthleffe' [bad].
- l. 8, '. . . . my vntuned'
- l. 11, '. . . . ftill hold her moft deare vntill my

Our Sonnet 22 in Nashe's text opens—

'Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,
My laft refort whereto my foule appealeth:
For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
Whiles deareft blood my fierie paffions fealeth.'

Sonnet 22 is our 24th, and gives these various readings:—

- l. 1, 'fire' for 'fmoake'
- l. 2, 'Thefe are the'
- l. 3, 'And thefe my tyrants cruell minde fulfil.'
- ll. 6-8, '. . . . that yet refpects no whit
My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
By winter woes'
- l. 11, '. . . . the bliffe'

Sonnet 23 is our 9th, and offers in l. 1 a much better reading, which we accept in text—'To paint on fluds,' on which see various readings *in loco*. Most of these also excellent:—

- ll. 3-4, 'With prone afpect ftill tending
Sad horror, pale greefe, prostrate defpaire.'

- ll. 6-8, 'Rife vp to waile, lie down to figh, to . . .
 With ceafeles toyle Cares reftleffe ftones
 and mone whilft'
 l. 9, ' to languifh in fuch care'
 ll. 10-12, 'Loathing the light, the world, my felfe, and all,
 With interrupted fleepes, freſhe grefes repaire
 And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.'
 l. 14, 'Loe then'

Sonnet 24 is our 30th (from 1592²), and gives these variations :—

- ll. 2-5, 'My cares drawes on my euerlaſting night
 And horrors fable cloudſ dims my lines funne ;
 That my lines funne, and thou my worldly light,
 Shall riſe no more to me : my daies are donne.'

And theſe—

- ll. 7-8, ' I'll goe,
 And dreſſe a bed of flowers.'
 l. 9, 'why that.'
 l. 10, ' fault and'
 l. 13, 'Although the world this deed of hirs may'

Sonnet 25 is our 32nd, and thus variantly reads—

- l. 1, 'my' for 'this.'
 ll. 2-3, ' crying
 . . . bloud and blondie trying.'
 ll. 12-13, 'My Ocean teares drowne me and quench my . . .
 Whiles faith doth bid my cruell Faire adieu.'—[bad].

Sonnet 26 is our 59th, and thus opens, 'To' being a ſelf-correcting misprint for 'Lo,' and 'impreſt' for 'imprefſe':—

- 'To heare the impreſt of a faith not faining,
 That dutie paies and her diſdaine extorteth :
 Theſe beare the meſſage of my wofull paining,
 Theſe oline branches mercie ſtill exorteth.'

And there are further theſe :—

- l. 5, ' plaints with chaſte defires'
 l. 9, ' poore foule) I liue exild from'
 l. 11, ' liberties'
 ll. 13-14, 'What ſhall I doo but figh and waile the while,
 My martyrdome exceeds the higheſt ſtile.'

Sonnet 27 is our 38th, and gives these slight verbal various readings :—

1. 1, 'may' for 'shall.'
1. 2, 'And may'
1. 4, ' power not'
1. 6, ' the worlds eie doth'
1. 7, ' her praife to'
1. 8, ' fades the flowers fed'

Sonnet 28 (including the Introductory one as 1) is our 36th, and finally presents these variations :—

1. 1, 'hope for 'hopes.'
1. 3, 'meane' for 'meanes,' and 'prefumes' for 'prefum'd.'
1. 4, 'For disdaines thunderbolt made me retire.'

At the close is added, instead of the simple 'S. D.' of the commencement, these words—'Finis, Daniell.'

It may be helpful to add here, collectively, the succession of the 1591 Sonnets, together with the first lines :—

Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue,

- Sonnet 1. If fo it hap the Off fpring of my care,
 2. Thefe forrowing fighs, the fmokes of mine annoy ;
 3. The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
 4. Teares, vowes and prayers gaines the hardeft hearts,
 5. Why doth my Miftres credit fo her glaffe,
 6. Thefe amber locks are thofe fame nets (my Deare)
 7. Behold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
 8. Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
 9. Raigne in my thoughts, faire hand, fweete eye, rare voice,
 10. The flie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
 11. Reftore thy treasure to the golden ore,
 12. The tablet of my heaue fortunes heere
 13. My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eies,
 14. If a true heart and faith vnfaigned,
 15. Since the firft looke that led me to this error,
 16. Way but the caufe, and giue me leaue to plaine me,
 17. Whilft by her eies perfude, my poore heart flue it
 18. Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
 19. Happie in fleepe, waking content to languish,
 20. If Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
 21. Come Death the anchor hold of al my thoughts,
 22. If this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
 23. My cares drawes on my euerlasting night,
 24. The Starre of my mifhape impofde my paining

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
Ladie Mary Countesse of Pembroke.



RIGHT Honorable, although I rather desired to keep in the private passions of my youth, from the multitude, as things uttered to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of ¹⁰ the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy reliques. Yet Astrophel flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-fighted can discerne, hath registred his owne name in the Annals | of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rawly in ²⁰ publike; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudiciall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from those hidious Beestes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherby

you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must survive your selfe. And if my times heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your 30 honourable favour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,

Samuel Danyell.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
Lady Mary, Countesse of *Pembrooke*.¹



WONDER of these, glory of other times,
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'
admyre :

Great Patroness of these my humble
Rymes,

Which thou from out thy greatnes
dooft inspire :

Sith onely thou hast deign'd to rayse them higher,
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne. 10

And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leaue not, still to grace thy worke in mee :
Let not the quickning feede be ouer-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.

Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine.

16

¹ 1594 A 1, instead of the Prose Epistle-dedicatory of 1592¹, ²—as on pp. 33—34.



TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

V Nto the boundlesse Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Riuer, charg'd with streames
of zeale :

Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Here I vnclafpe the Booke of my charg'd foule,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care :
Here haue I fumm'd my fighs, here I inrole
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are :
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eies :
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater fumm'es arife.
Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly;
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.



accepted from heading 'To Delia.'

Sonnet I. l. 1, 'boundles' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}; not in ¹; l. 2, 'Runs' ^{1, 3, 1, 2}:
ibid., 'riuer' ^{1, 3, 4, 5}; 'Ryuer' ²: *ibid.*, 'zeale' ^{1, 2}; , ³; nothing ^{4, 5}—
the colon accepted: l. 3, 'duetie' ²; 'duty' ³: l. 4, 'heere' ^{1, 2}, and so
throughout: *ibid.*, 'playnts' ¹; 'reueale'—period for *nil* accepted from
^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: l. 5, 'booke' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: l. 7, 'fighes' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: *ibid.*, 'enroule'
^{1, 2}; 'enrole' ³; 'inrole' ^{4, 5}: l. 8, 'Howe' ^{1, 2}: l. 8, 'thee; Looke' ²;
same in ^{3, 4, 5}, but small 'l'—; for , accepted: *ibid.*, 'are.' ^{1, 2, 3};
: ^{4, 5}: l. 10, 'thyne eyes' ¹; 'thine eyes' ^{2, 3}; 'thine eies' ^{4, 5}: l. 11,
'trueth' ¹: l. 13, no () in ^{1, 2}: *ibid.*, 'maid' ^{3, 4, 5}: *ibid.*, 'doone . . .
sleightly' ^{1, 2, 3}; 'sleightly' ^{4, 5}: l. 14, 'shewe' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. II.

GOe wailing Verfe, the Infants of my loue,
Minervua-like, brought foorth without a mother :
 Prefent the Image of the cares I proue,
 Witneffe your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.
 Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes,
 With interrupted accents of despaire :
 A Monument that whosoever reedes,
 May iustly praise, and blame my loueleffe Faire.
 Say her disdaine hath dried vp my blood,
 And starued you, in succours still denying :
 Presse to her eyes, importune me some good.
 Waken her sleeping pittie with your crying,
 Knocke at that hard hart, begge till you haue mou'd
 her,
 And tell th'vnkinde, how dearely I haue lou'd her.

Sonnet 2. l. 2, 'Mother' ^{1, 2} : l. 3, 'image' ^{1, 2} : l. 6, 'dispayre' ¹ ;
 'dispaire' ^{2, 3} : l. 12, . for , after 'crying' ¹ : l. 12, 'that' accepted for
 'her' of ^{2, 3, 1, 5} : *ibid.*, 'you' ^{1, 2, 3} accepted for 'ye' of ^{4, 5}, and 'yee' of *a* :
 l. 14, , after 'vnkinde' accepted from ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5} ('vnkind').

SONNET. III.

IF so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
 These fatall Anthemes, sad and mornefull Songs :
 Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
 Let them yet figh their owne, and mone my wrongs.
 But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
 Approach not to behold so great distresse :
 Cleere-fighted you, foone note what is awrie,
 Whilst blinded ones mine errors neuer gesse.

You blinded foules whom youth and errour leade,
 You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your Sunne :
 Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
 You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.
 That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
 Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdain.

Sonnet 3. 1. 2, 'sad and mornefull' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'lamentable' of ^{4, 5} and *a* : 1. 4, 'yet figh their' ^{1, 2}, accepted for 'Let them figh for their' of ^{4, 5}, and 'Ah let them figh theyr' of ³ : 1. 6, 'so great distresse' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'my heauineffe' of ^{4, 5}, and *a* : 1. 7, *qy.*, after 'Cleere-fighted' ? but as in text in ^{1, 2, 4, 5} : 1. 8, 'ones' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'foules' of ^{4, 5}, and *a* : 1. 9, 'errours' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 11, 'Ah' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'Do' of ^{4, 5}, and *a* : 1. 12, 'dunne' ^{1, 2} : 1. 13, 'doone' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintiue Verse, the Postes of my desire,
 Which haste for succour to her slow regard :
 Beare not report of any slender fire,
 Forging a grieffe to winne a fames reward.
 Nor are my passions limnd for outward hew,
 For that no colours can depaint my sorrowes :
Delia her felfe, and all the world may view
 Best in my face, how cares haue tild deepe sorrowes.
 No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
 O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill : —
 My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
 Of intercession but to moue her will.
 These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart ;
 My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Sonnet 4. 1. 2, : accepted from ^{1, 2, 3} for , of ^{4, 5}, and *a* : 1. 8, 'how' ^{1, 2}, accepted for 'where' of ^{3, 4, 5} and *a*, but not 'hath' of ^{1, 3} : 1. 11, 'craue . . . bow' ^{1, 2} : 1. 12, 'Of her milde pittie and relenting will' ^{1, 2} ; 'Of intercession to a Tyrants will' ³ ; 'Of intercession but to moue her will' ^{4, 5}, as in *a*. See errata of ¹ in Note before these Sonnets.

SONNET. V.

VV Hilft youth and error led my wandring
 minde,
 And fet my thoughts in heedleffe wayes to range :
 All vnawares, a Goddeffe chaste I finde,
 (*Diana*-like) to worke my sudder change.
 For her no sooner had mine eyes bewraid,
 But with disdaine to see me in that place ;
 With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest Maid,
 Cast water-cold Disdaine vpon my face.
 Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
 Which still is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
 By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my Faire :
 My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death.
 Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
 Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

Sonnet 5. l. 4, no () in ¹, ²: l. 5, 'my view' ¹, ²; 'mine eye' ⁴, ⁵:
 l. 7, 'most vnkindest' ¹: l. 8, 'Castes' ¹, ², ³: l. 12, no () in ¹, ².

SONNET. VI. ✓

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire ;
 Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes
 are funny,
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire ;
 And her disdaines are Gall, her fauours Hunny.
 A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor,
 Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,
 The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her :
 Sacred on earth, desigh'd a Saint aboue.

Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
 Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
 And had she pittie to conioyne with those,
 Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now ?
 For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
 My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Sonnet 6. l. 1, 'as sh'is' ¹, ², ³: l. 2, - (hyphen) removed from 'brow shades' of *a*, not in ¹, ², ³, ⁴, ⁵.

SONNET. VII.

FOr had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
 Then had no finger pointed at my lightnesse :
 The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
 And cloudes obscure had shaded still her brightnesse.
 Then had no Censurs eye these lines furuaid,
 Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine
 No Sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
 Nor yet the world haue heard of such disdain.
 Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
 No downe-cast looke had signified my misse :
 But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
 Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
 For being full, should I not then haue spoken,
 My sence oppress'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

Sonnet 7. l. 1, 'For' ¹, ⁴, ⁵, but in ², ³ 'O'—perhaps preferable, albeit the 'For' catches up l. 13 of Sonnet VI.

SONNET. VIII.

THou poore heart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,
 Haft sent the incense of thy sighs to heauen :
 And still against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,
 And made thy passions with her beautie euen.
 And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart
 Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden grieve :
 And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Art,
 Did treat the cruell faire to yeeld reliefe.
 And you my Verse, the Aduocates of Loue,
 Haue followed hard the Proesse of my case :
 And vrg'd that title which doth plainely proue,
 My faith should win, if Iustice might haue place.
 Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can moue,
 Tis not disdaine must make me leaue to loue.

Sonnet 8. l. 8, 'dread' MS. : l. 14, 'leaue'—accepted for 'cease' of
², ³, ⁴, ⁵ and *a*.

SONNET. IX.

IF this be loue, to draw a wearie breath,
 To paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire :
 With downeward lookes, still reading on the earth,
 These sad memorials of my loues dispaire :
 If this be loue, to warre against my foule,
 Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieve,
 The neuer-resting stone of Care to roule,
 Still to complaine my griefes, whilst none relieue.

If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
 Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart ;
 My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,
 Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my hart.
 If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
 Then doe I loue and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 9. l. 1, ¹, ² drop 'to' inadvertently : l. 12, 'my' ¹ : l. 14, 'O then loue I' ¹, ², ³ : in l. 2, Tieck stupidly proposed 'Pant' (his annotated copy of Daniel in B. Museum). 'My name is writ on water' catches up the 'cry' better. I accept 'To paint' of Newman and Nashe text of 1591 : l. 6, 'me' and l. 8, 'me' at close in ¹, ² ; ll. 5, 9, , inserted after 'loue.'

SONNET. X.

Then doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
 For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow
 I written finde the sentence of my death,
 In vnkinde Letters ; wrote she cares not how.
 Thou powre that rul'st the confines of the night,
 Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
 Intenerat that heart that fets so light,
 The truest loue that euer yet was seene.
 And cause her leaue to triumph in this wife,
 Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart
 That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
 And must their glory to the world impart.
 Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me,
 And let her pitte if she cannot loue me.

Sonnet 10. l. 1, 'O then I loue' ¹ ; 'O then loue I' ², ³ ; l. 4, 'wrought' ¹, ², ³—perhaps preferable : l. 5, 'O thou' ¹, ², ³ : l. 7, 'Gods' ¹ ; in l. 11 period,

SONNET. XI.

TEares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardest hart,
 Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine;
 Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
 Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.
 I lose my teares where I haue lost my loue,
 I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
 I pray in vaine, a merciesse to moue:
 So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
 Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares,
 Though my foules Idoll scorneth all my vowes;
 Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares,
 No fauour though, the cruell faire allowes,
 Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell thee:
 Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, meltes, and yeeldes we
 fee.

Sonnet 11. In l. 11 the : in ¹, ² obscures the continuous thought, but perhaps a , after 'though' in l. 12 is better. It is so in Nashe's text of 1591 (*in loco*)—accepted.

SONNET. XII.

MY spotlesse loue hovers with purest wings,
 About the Temple of the proudest frame:
 Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
 Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.
 M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
 Affect no honor but what she can giue:
 My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
 I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.

For she that can my heart imparadize,
 Holdes in her fairest hand what dearest is,
 My fortunes wheelles the circle of her eies,
 Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
 All my liues sweet confists in her alone,
 So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Sonnet 12. l. 1, 'hooouers with white' ^{1, 2}: ll. 6, 8, 'me' at close in ^{1, 2}; cf. Sonnet 19., ll. 6, 8: l. 11, 'wheelle' ¹; 'wheelle's' ^{2, 3, 4, 5}.

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
 And carue his proper grieve vpon a stone;
 My heauy fortune is much like the same,
 I worke on flint, and thats the cause I mone.
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires,
 I figurde on the table of mine hart,
 The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
 And so did perish by my proper art.
 And still I toyle, to change the Marble brest
 Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
 Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
 Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
 But happy he that ioy'd his stone and art,
 Vnhappy I, to loue a stony hart.

Sonnet 13. l. 6, 'my' ^{1, 2}: l. 7, 'forme, the worldes eye' ^{1, 2}—perhaps preferable, but occurs elsewhere in these Sonnets (see Glossarial-Index s.v.).

SONNET. XIII.

THose snary locks, are those fame nets (my Deere)
 Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprize;
 Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
 The Dart transpearfing, were those Christall eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;
 Deepe is the wound my fighes can well report :
 Yet do I loue, adore, and prayfe the fame,
 That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this fort.
 And lift not feeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
 The bond, the flame, the wound that feftreth fo,
 By knife, by liquor, or by falue to deale :
 So much I please to perifh in my woe.
 Yet leaft long trauailes be aboute my ftrength,
 Good DELIA lofe, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet 14. l. 1, 'amber' ¹, ²: *ibid.*, no () in ¹, ²: l. 6, 'do' ¹; 'doe' ², ³: l. 13, 'Yer' ¹—put in errata.

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
 If a sweet languifh with a chaft defire,
 If hunger-ftaruen thoughts fo long retained,
 Fed but with fmoke, and cherifht but with fire :
 And if a brow with cares characters painted,
 Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe fpoken
 To her that fits in my thoughts Temple fainted,
 And laies to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open :
 If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
 And had my fighes ftill tending on her name ;
 If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
 And fhe (th'vnkindeft maid) ftill fcorns the fame :
 Let this fuffice, that all the world may fee
 The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muft be.

Sonnet 15. l. 5, 'characters' ¹: l. 8, a misprints 'Vultar': l. 13, 'the world yet may fee' ¹, ².

SONNET. XVI.

H Appy in sleepe, waking content to languish,
 Imbracing clouds by night, in day time
 mourne,
 My ioyes but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguish,
 Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.
 And still expecting when she will relent,
 Growne hoarse with crying mercy, mercy giue,
 So many vowes, and praiers hauing spent,
 That weary of my life, I loath to liue.
 And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
 Still new borne sorrowes of her fresh disdain :
 And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
 Finding no end nor period of my paine.
 This is my state, my griefes do touch so neerly,
 And thus I liue because I loue her deerly.

Sonnet 16. l. 2, 'morne' ¹, ²:

' All things I loath faue her and mine owne anguish,
 Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.
 Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
 Hoarse with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;
 So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
 That now at length t' yeelde, meere pittie were it.
 But still the *Hydra* of my cares renewing,
 Reuiues new sorrowes of her fresh disdayning ;
 Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :
 Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.
 Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,
 And thus I liue, because I loue her deerly.'

So in ¹, ², but ² in last l. reads 'thus' for 'this' of ¹ (error) : 'myselfe' in l. 8 in ³.

SONNET. XVII. ✓

Why should I sing in verse, why should I
 frame
 These sad neglected notes for her deare sake ?
 Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?
 Why should I strive to make her liue for euer,
 That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue ?
 Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeavour,
 Such honour vnto cruelty to giue ?
 If her defects haue purchast her this fame,
 What should her vertues do, her smiles, her loue ?
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame ?
 What passions would her milder fauours moue ?
 Fauours (I thinke) would fence quite ouercome,
 And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

Sonnet 17. First appeared in ³, and is in ⁴, ⁵, and *a*.

SONNET. XVIII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,
 To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending :
 Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
 The circle of my forrowes neuer ending.
 Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
 Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me ;
 See what reward he hath that serues the vngratefull,
 So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.

Still must I whet my yong defires abated,
 Vpon the flint of such a hart rebelling ;
 And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
 She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
 Oft haue I told her that my foule did loue her,
 (And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 18. l. 7, 'th' ¹, ², ³ : l. 4, no () in ¹, ², and so throughout in them—this is XVII. in 1592.

SONNET. XIX.

R Estore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
 Yeeld *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue ;
 Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
 And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,
 Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
 T' *Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweete :
 Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
 To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
 Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
 And thy sweet voice giue back vnto the Spheares :
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
 To *Hyrca*n Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
 Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 19. See variations in introductory Note to these Delian Sonnets.

SONNET. XX.

V V Hat it is to breathe and liue without life :
 How to be pale with anguish, red with feare,
 T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but strife :
 Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appare :

How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare :
 How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake :
 To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare :
 To haue affection strong, a body weake,
 Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke :
 And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde :
 T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke :
 Gratefull t'another, to my selfe vnkinde.
 This cruell knowledge of these contraries,
 DELIA my hart hath learnd out of those eyes.

Sonnet 20. First appeared in ¹, and reprinted in ².

SONNET. XXI.

IF beauty thus be clouded with a frowne,
 That pittie shines no comfort to my blis,
 And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne
 That my liues light wholly in-darkned is.
 Why should I more molest the world with cries ?
 The ayre with fighes, the earth below with teares ?
 Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eies,
 Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares.
 If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
 My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :
 And still must hold her deare till after death,
 And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,
 Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
 She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

Sonnet 21 is XIX. in ¹, ²: l. 4, 'thus wholly darkned' ¹, ², ³: l. 7, 'Since' ¹, ²: l. 12, 'And if that all this cannot moue' ¹, ², ³; ll. 13, 14—
 'Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,
 To vse me thus and knowe I lou'd so long' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. XXII.

Come Time the anchor-hold of my defire,
 My last Refort whereto my hopes appeale,
 Cause once the date of her difdaine t'expire :
 Make her the fentence of her wrath repeale.
 Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, fteale
 Powre from thofe eyes, which pittie cannot fpare :
 Deale with thofe dainty cheekes as fhe doth deale
 With this poore heart confumed with difpaire.
 This heart made now the profpectiue of care,
 By louing her, the cruellst Faire that liues,
 The cruellst Fayre that fees I pine for her,
 And neuer mercy to thy merit giues.
 Let her not ftill triumph ouer the prize
 Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet 22. 1. 1, 'death of all my thoughtes' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 2, 'foule appealeth' ^{1, 2} ; 'appeales' ³ : 1. 3, 'For all too long on earth my fancy dotes' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 4, 'Whilst my beft blood my younge defires fealeth' ^{1, 2} ; 'Whilst age vpon my wafted body fteales' ³ : ll. 5—14—

'That hart is now the profpectiue of horror,
 That honored hath the cruellst faire that lyueth :
 The cruellst faire, that fees I languifh for her,
 Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
 This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
 To tread me downe with foote of her difgrace :
 Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
 And laide my liues reft in fo faire a face ;
 That reft I loft, my loue, my life and all,
 So high attempts to lowe difgraces fall' (^{1, 2}) :

in ³ l. 4 is 'That hart being made the profpectiue' : 'Tyme' and text of *a*, first in ⁴ and reprinted in ⁵.

SONNET. XXIII.

Time, cruell time, come and subdue that Brow
 Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staies
 As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
 From loue or yeares vnsubiect to decaies.
 Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies
 That they may helpe thee to consume our daies ?
 Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
 Being merciles like thee that no man weies ?
 And yet thou see'st thy powre she disobayes,
 Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
 And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
 Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdaine.
 Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
 She may become more kinde to thee or me.

Sonnet 23. First in ⁴ and reprinted in ⁵ : l. 13, cap. T accepted from ⁴, ⁵.

SONNET. XXIII.

These forrowing fighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
 These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils,
 Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
 Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnes kills.
 I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares
 At her proud feete, and she respects not it ;
 My flower vntimely's withred with my teares :
 And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.
 She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
 And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,
 As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
 Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.

Thus she returns my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or els eye me neuer.

Sonnet 24. l. 1, 'fmoakes' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 2, , after 'teares' accepted from ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 3, 'these' ^{1, 2}; l. 10, 'eafe' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'cafe' of ^{4, 5}, and *a*; also the hyphen 'long-lookt': l. 14, 'eye me' ^{1, 2, 3}—more quaint and strong—accepted. This is Sonnet XXI. in 1592, and XXII. in ³.

SONNET. XXV.

FAlse Hope prolongs my euer certaine grieve,
Traitor to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trechery,
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chafe my hope from me,
Straight-way she hafts her vnto DELIAS eies:
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnfore, when certaine is my paine.

Sonnet 25. l. 2, 'Traytrous' ¹; 'Traytours' ².

SONNET. XXVI.

LOoke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their daies, whom no fun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.

But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruite so fowre,
 Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
 I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
 Ile praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.
 Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,
 Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 26. l. 1, 'morne' ^{1, 2}—cf. Sonnet XVI., l. 2 : l. 7, 'Her fairest eyes doe penetrate' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, 'doth yeeld thus much' ^{1, 2, 3}; *ibid.*, 'Sith' ³: l. 11, 'for that . . . fuch' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, 'that we make' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XXVII.

O Ft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue ventred,
 To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :
 And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
 Hoping thereby to free my better part.
 And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
 Where my harts theefe to vex me made her choice:
 And thether all my forces doe transporte,
 An other passage opens at her voice.
 Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :
 My freedoms tyrants conquering all by arte.
 But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
 With thee such powers to plague one silly harte.
 Yet my soules soueraigne, since I must resigne,
 Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 27. From ¹ and reprinted in ², but not in ³, ⁴, ⁵, or *a*.

SONNET. XXVIII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare
 voice,
 Possesse me whole, my hearts triumvirate :
 Yet heauy heart to make so hard a choise,
 Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
 For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
 All my poore life by them is troden downe ;
 They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
 And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
 When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
 And waile the state wherein I present stand :
 And see my fortune euer like to last,
 Finding me rain'd with such a heauy hand.
 What can I do but yeeld ? and yeeld I doo,
 And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

Sonnet 28. No variations.

SONNET. XXIX.

To M. P.

LIke as the spotlesse *Ermelin* distrest,
 Circumpass'd round with filth and lothsome mud :
 Pines in her griefe, imprisoned in her nest,
 And cannot issue forth to seeke her good.
 So I inuiron'd with a hatefull want,
 Looke to the heauens ; the heauens yeelde forth no
 grace :
 I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant,
 I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.

Heauen nor earth will not, my felfe cannot wake
 A way through want to free my foule from care :
 But I muſt pine, and in my pining lurke,
 Leaſt my fad lookes bewray me how I fare.
 My fortune mantled with a clowde ſ'obſcure ;
 Thus ſhades my life ſo long as wants endure.

Sonnets 29 and 30 appeared only in 1592 ² (E 3 and E 3 verso)—former misnumbered xxxi.. as it follows xxviii., folio 29 after folio 28. They are accepted and re-inserted. See our Memorial-Introduction on them, and ſpecially on the 'M. P.' of Sonnet 29.

SONNET. XXX.

MY cares draw on mine euerlaſting night,
 In horrors fable clowdes ſets my liues funne :
 My liues ſweet funne, my deareſt comforts light,
 Will riſe no more to me, whoſe day is dunne.
 I goe before vnto the Mirtle ſhades.
 To attend the preſence of my worlds Deere ;
 And there prepare her flowres that neuer fades,
 And all things fit againſt her comming there.
 If any aſke me why ſo ſoone I came,
 Ile hide her finne and ſay it was my lot :
 In life and death Ile tender her good name,
 My life nor death ſhal neuer be her blot.
 Although this world may ſeeme her deede to blame,
 Th' *Elifian* ghoſts ſhal neuer know the ſame.

SONNET. XXXI.

*Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that
flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.*

VV Hilst by thy eies pursu'd, my poore heart
flew
Into the sacred Refuge of thy brest :
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary flew
That which thy fuccking mercy should haue blest.
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, and fūe yeares witnes sign'd,
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,
For well thou saw'st my loue and how I pin'd
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect :
What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale ?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.
Then there I die from whence my life should come,
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Sonnet 31. The heading first in ³: ll. 1, 3, 'it' at close in ¹, ², ³; *ibid.*,
'her' for 'thy': l. 2, 'bosome of my deereft' ¹, ², ³: ll. 3-14—

'She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neereft.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed :
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,
For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee,
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?
Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
And by that hand, which better might haue given' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. XXXII.

THe Starre of my mishap impos'd this paine
 To spend the Aprill of my yeares in grieve:
 Finding my fortune euer in the waine
 With still fresh cares, supplide with no reliefe.
 Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
 But these weake whings presuming to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine eyes bright fun,
 That makes me fall from off my hie desire.
 And in my fall I crye for helpe with speede,
 No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my feares:
 No succour finde I now when most I neede,
 My heates must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
 Which still must beare the title of my wrong,
 Cau'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

Sonnet 32 is xxvii. of ¹, xxxi. of ², xxix. of ³, xxxi. of ⁴, ⁵ and *a*: l. 1, 'payning' ¹, ²: l. 2, 'wayling' ¹, ²: l. 3, 'That neuer found my fortune but in wayning' ¹, ²: l. 4, 'my present woes assaying' ¹, ²: l. 5, 'her . . . she might haue blest mee' ¹, ²: l. 6, 'But my desires wings so high aspiring' ¹, ²: l. 7, 'Now melted with the funne that hath possesse mee' ¹, ²: l. 8, 'Downe now I fall from off my high defiring' ¹, ²: l. 9, 'doe cry for mercy speedy' ¹, ²: l. 10, 'mourning' ¹, ²: l. 11, 'helpe I . . . when now most fauour neede I' ¹, ²: l. 12, 'Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning' ¹, ²: l. 13, 'And this my death christen her anew' ¹, ²: l. 14, 'And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.'

SONNET. XXXIII.

STill in the trace of one perplexed thought,
 My ceasles cares continually run on:
 Seeking in vaine what I haue euer fought,
 One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.

I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
 And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill
 The worke of rigor, fatally begun
 Vpon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
 Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee still,
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,
 Ile tell the world that I deferu'd but ill,
 And blame my selfe t'excuse that heart of thine.
 See then who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
 I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

Sonnet 33. Not in ¹, ²: first in ³ and reprinted in ⁴, ⁵ and *a*: ³ is so different that it must be reproduced here—

' Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
 My ceaselesse cares must march on to my death :
 Thy least regard too deerlie haue I bought,
 Who to my comfort neuer deign'd a breath.
 Why should'st thou stop thine eares now to my cries,
 Whose eyes were open, ready to oppress me ?
 Why shutt'st thou not the cause whence al did rise,
 Or heare me now, and seeke how to redresse me ?
 Iniurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee still,
 Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart :
 Ile tell the world that I deferu'd but ill,
 And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.
 Then iudge who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
 I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.'

SONNET. XXXVIII.

O Ft do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,
 Are eyes, or els two radiant starres that shine
 For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
 Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.

Starres fure they are, whose motions rule defires,
 And calme and tempest follow their aspects :
 Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects,
 Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
 Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart ?
 Fixt fure they are, but wandring make me stray,
 In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
 Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

Sonnet 34. Not in ¹, ² : first in ³, and reprinted in ⁴, ⁵. and *a*.

SONNET. XXXV.

A Nd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
 Or blame th'attempt presuming so to fore ;
 The mounting venter for a high delight,
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.
 For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore ?
 Danger hath honor, great designs their fame,
 Glory doth follow, courage goes before.
 And though th'euent oft answers not the same,
 Suffice that high attempts haue neuer shame.
 The meane obseruer (whom base safety keeps)
 Liues without honour, dies without a name,
 And in eternall darknesse euer sleeps.
 And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
 To haue attempted, though attained thee not.

Sonnet 35. Not in ¹, ² : first in ³ (xxx.), and reprinted in ⁴, ⁵ and *a*.

SONNET. XXXVI.

R Aifing my hopes on hills of high defire,
Thinking to fcale the heauen of her hart,
My flender meanes prefum'd too high a part ;
Her thunder of difdaine forft me retire,
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languifh in fo heauy fmart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art :
Her pride brook'd not poore foules fhould fo afpire.
Yet I proteft my high defiring will
Was not to difpoffeffe her of her right :
Her foueraignty fhould haue remained ftill,
I onely fought the bliffe to haue her fight.
Her fight contented thus to fee me fpill,
Fram'd my defires fit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet 36. l. 4, *a* badly inserts 'to' before 'retire': l. 8, 'should come fo nye her' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, 'aspyring' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XXXVII.

VHy doost thou DELIA credit so thy glasse,
 Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the
 skies :
 And doest not rather looke on him (alas)
 Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies ?
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare
 The fury of a mercy-wanting storme ;
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,
 Vpon my selfe thou best mayst finde the forme :

Then leaue thy glaffe, and gaze thy selfe on me,
 That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face :
 To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
 And you are chang'd, but not t'a *Hiacint* ;
 I feare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

Sonnet 37. l. 1, 'O why dooth Delia . . . her' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 2, 'her' for 'thy' and 'thee' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 3, 'dooth' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 8, 'you . . . may' ^{1, 2, 3}; ll. 7, 9, 10, 'your.'

SONNET. XXXVIII.

I Once may see when yeares shall wreck my wrong,
 When golden haire shall change to siluer wier :
 And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
 Shall faile in force, their working not so strong :
 Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire ;
 Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long.
 When, if she grieue to gaze her in her glaffe,
 Which, then presents her winter-withered hew,
 Goe you my verse, go tell her what she was ;
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.
 Your fire heate lets not her glory passe,
 But (*Phœnix*-like) shall make her liue anew.

Sonnet 38. l. 8, 'which' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. XXXIX. ✓

Looke DELIA how w'esteeme the halfe blowne
 Rose,
 The image of thy blush and Sommers honor :
 Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
 That full of beauty, time bestowes vpon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the ayre,
 But straight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline :
 She then is scornd that late adorn'd the Fayre ;
 So fade the Roses of those cheeks of thine.
 No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
 Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now :
 Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying houres,
 Dissolues the beauty of the fairest brow.
 Then do not thou such treasure wast in vaine,
 But loue now whilst thou maist be lou'd againe.

Sonnet 39. l. 1, 'wee steeme' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3—

'in . . . greene she doth inclose,

That pure sweete beautie, Time' (^{1, 2, 3}):

l. 6, 'ful-blowne pride is in declyning' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest shining' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 10, 'blooming' ^{1, 2, 3}: *ibid.*, 'thy' for 'the' misprint of *a*—accepted: l. 13, 'O let not their . . . riches' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, 'loue whilst that thou' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XL.

BVt loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
 Now whilst thy May hath fild thy lap with
 flowers,
 Now whilst thy beauty beares without a stain ;
 Now vse the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
 And whilst thou spreadst vnto the rising funne,

The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,
 Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done.
 And (DELIA) thinke thy morning must haue night,
 And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
 When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'ft,
 And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
 Which then shall most inuaile and shadow most.
 Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,
 When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

Sonnet 40. l. 7, 'thy' twice inserted in *a* before sweet': in ¹, ², spelt 'dunne'—so frequently: l. 12, 'hide it most, and couer lowest' ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. XLI. ✓

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory
 passe,
 And thou with carefull brow fitting alone:
 Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
 That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone;
 Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madst,
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
 I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadst,
 My faith shall waxe, when thou are in thy waining.
 The world shall finde this myracle in me,
 That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
 Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,
 And that thou wast vnkinde, thou mayst repent.
 Thou maist repent that thou hast scornd my teares,
 When winter snowes vpon thy fable haire.

Sonnet 41. l. 4, 'thee' ¹: l. 11, 'shalt' ¹, ², ³: l. 14, 'golden heares' ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. XLII. ✓

When winter snowes vpon thy fable haire,
 And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties
 neere,

When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
 And all lies withred that was held so deere.
 Then take this picture which I here present thee,
 Limmed with a Penfill not all vnworthy :
 Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
 Here read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.
 This may remaine thy lasting monument,
 Which happily posterity may cherriſh,
 These colours with thy fading are not spent,
 These may remaine when thou and I shall periſh.
 If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,
 They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

Sonnet 42. 1. 1, 'golden' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 2, 'flowers' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLIII. ✓

Thou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
 In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines ;
 Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrarch* found,
 In base attire, yet cleerly Beauty shines.
 And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
 Do feele mine inward heat as great (I know it :)
 He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
 I loue as well, though he could better show it.
 But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
 To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile,
 And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
 Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

For though that *Laura* better limned be,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

Sonnet 43. l. 4, , accepted after 'attire' ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. XLIIII.

BE not displeas'd that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art :
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could,
(The chafteft flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull warble:
How many liue, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines referu'd in purenes ;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Sonnet 44. l. 1, 'O be not grieu'd' ¹, ², ³ : ⁴, ⁵ and *a* badly 'displead' :
l. 7, 'liues' ¹, ², ³ : l. 8, ¹ misprinted 'yee.'

SONNET. XLV.

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walls which proud ambition
rear'd
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The spoyle of fame deferu'd by vertuous men :
Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.

And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
 Though time do spoyle thee of the fairest vaile
 That euer yet couered mortality,
 And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile.
 That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
 Liues in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Sonnet 45. l. 2, 'the which ambition' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, 'for all that no' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'Annals' ¹: l. 9, 'Why then though Delia fade, let that not moue her' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 11, 'mortallitie did couer' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 12, 'which shall . . . trayle' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, 'grace, that vertue, all that feru'd t' in woman' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, 'Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLVI.

M Oft faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,
 See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:
 Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more,
 Now send forth hope, for now calme pittie faues.
 And waft him to thee with those louely eies,
 A happy conuoy to a holy Land:
 Now shew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,
 To faue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.
 Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
 That hand that darts so right and neuer misses:
 I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall cease;
 And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses.
 Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
 That thou be pleas'd, and I may figh no more.

Sonnet 46. l. 1, 'Faire and louely' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'fore-spent' ¹: l. 5, *a* badly misprints 'waft': l. 11, 'Ile not reuenge . . . wrath' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 12, 'For' ^{1, 2, 3}: ^{4, 5} print 'gius.'

SONNET. XLVII.

REad in my face, a volume of dispaire,
 The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe :
 Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
 Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd fo.
 Who whilst I burne, she sings at my foules wrack,
 Looking aloft from turret of her pride :
 There my foules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
 Of her owne feate, whereof I made her guide.
 There do these smoakes that from affliction rise,
 Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :
 A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
 Because their power serue to exact the fame.
 Thus ruines she (to satisfie her will,)
 The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

Sonnet 47. l. 1, , after 'face' accepted ¹, ², ³: l. 3, 'printed' ¹, ², ³:
 last l., , after 'Temple' accepted ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. XLVIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
 The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend :
 That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rise,
 For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
 Th'Ocean neuer did attend more dully
 Vpon his fouereignes course, the nights pale Queene,
 Nor payd the impost of his waues more truly,
 Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,
 Where beat these teares with zeale, and fury driues :
 And yet I'd rather languish for her loue,
 Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.
 And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
 What should I do then, if I should obtaine ?

[Sonnet 48. l. 1, 'Cynthia' ¹, ²: l. 2, 'attending' ¹, ², ³: *a* badly 'but neuer dries' from ¹, ²; ³ giues the true reading 'but euer rise'—accepted: l. 4, 'ending' ¹, ², ³: l. 8, 'to her in truth haue euer beene' ¹, ², ³: *ibid.*, 'Deitie become' ³: l. 10, 'these' accepted ¹, ², ³: *a* badly 'their' from ¹, ²: *ibid.*, 'driueth' ¹, ², ³: l. 11, 'for' ¹, ², ³: 'I'd' for 'I': l. 12, 'liueth' ¹, ², ³: ll. 13, 14—

'I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
 As now I taste in compas of complayning' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. XLIX.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourne ?
 A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde :
 When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
 From out dispaire, wherein they liue confinde ?
 When shall her troubled brow charg'd with disdaine
 Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart ?
 When shall my faith the happines attaine,
 To breake the Ice that hath congeald her heart ?
 Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,
 (If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
 And let her tell me as she is a woman,
 Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue ?
 I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
 Although her eyes my aduersaries be.

Sonnet 49. l. 1, 'morne' ¹, ²—cf. Sonnet xvi., l. 2: l. 5, 'troubled' in errata ¹, as dropped: ll. 13, 14—

'I knowe she cannot but must needs confesse it,
 Yet deignes not with one simple figure t'expresse it' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. L. ✓

BEautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh vpon the tender Greene :
 Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,
 And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
 Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing Rose :
 The hew which thou so carefully dost norish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
 When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
 Shalt bend thy wrinckles homeward to the earth,
 And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appeares
 The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
 But ah ! no more, this must not be foretold,
 For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

Sonnet 50. ll. 11, 12—

' When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,

Dated in age . . . ' (1, 2, 3) :

l. 13, ' hath beene often tolde ' 1, 2, 3 : l. 14, ' And.'

SONNET. LI.

I Must not grieue my Loue, whose eies would reede
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile :
 Flowers haue a time before they come to seede,
 And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
 Ah sport (sweet Maide) in season of these yeares,
 And learne to gather flowers before they wither :
 And where the sweetest blossomes first appeares,
 Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten fourth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,
 And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raise :
 Pitty and smiles doe best become the faire,
 Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefes are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Sonnet 51. l. 3, 'a' dropped by *a* inadvertently : l. 5, 'Ah,' ^{1, 2, 3}
 accepted for 'And' of *a* and ^{4, 5} : l. 12, 'shall yeeld thee lasting' ^{1, 2, 3} :
 l. 13, 'I hope' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LII.

At the Authors going into Italie.

And whither (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
 To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse ?
 When every place presents like face of woe,
 And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse ?
 Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these Woods, these plaines,
 Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
 Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both disdaines :
 And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.
 Seeke out some place, and see if any place
 Can giue the least release vnto thy grieve :
 Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
 Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe.
 But yet, what comforts shall I hereby gaine ?
 Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

Sonnet 52. Not in ^{1, 2} : heading accepted from ³ : l. 1, 'O Whether' ³.

SONNET. LIII.

¶ *This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie.*

D Rawne with th'attractive vertue of her eyes,
 My toucht heart turnes it to that happy cost :
 My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
 The leuell of my hopes desired most,
 There where my *Delia* fairer then the Sunne,
 Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth smile,
 Loyes in that honor which her eyes haue wonne,
 Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
 Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes :
 Diuided from the world, as better worth,
 Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.
 Still let difarmed peace decke her and thee :
 And Muse-foe *Mars*, abroad farre fostred bee.

Sonnet 53. Heading from ³ accepted : l. 5, *a* badly misprints 'were' : l. 6, 'smyleth' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 7, 'beautie wonne' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 8, 'Th' eternall volume which her fame compyleth' ^{1, 2} : l. 10, 'Neptunes darling' ^{1, 2} : *ibid.*, misprinted 'arme' in *a*.

SONNET. LIIII.

C Are-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the fable night,
 Brother to death, in filent darknes borne :
 Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
 With darke forgetting of my care returne.
 And let the day be time enough to mourne
 The shipwracke of my ill aduentred youth :
 Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
 Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'Images of day desires,
 To modell forth the passions of the morrow :
 Neuer let rising Sunne approue you liers,
 To adde more griefe to aggrauate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
 And neuer wake to feele the dayes difdaine.

Sonnet 54. l. 5, 'morne' ¹, ², as before : l. 9, 'th' ymagery of our day' ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. LV. ✓

L Et others sing of Knights and Palladines ;
 In aged accents, and vntimely words :
 Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
 VVhich well the reach of their high wits records ;
 But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,
 Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
 VVhen yet th'vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
 VVhose beauty made him speake that else was
 dombe.
 These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
 That fortifie thy name against old age :
 And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
 Against the darke and times consuming rage.
 Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,
 Suffice, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

Sonnet 55. l. 13, 'they shall discouer' ¹, ², ³ : l. 14, 'was thy louer' ¹, ², ³.

SONNET. LVI.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
 His error was his honour and renowne :
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
 Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
 So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
 And my deceiu'd attempt, deferu'd more fame ;
 Then if I had the victorie mine owne :
 And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the fame.
 And so likewise, renownmed is thy blame,
 Thy cruelty, thy glory ; O strange case
 That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
 And finne of frownes bring honour to the face.
 Yet happy DELIA that thou wast vnkind,
 Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind.

Sonnet 56. First in ^s: l. 14, 'yet' ^s.

SONNET. LVII.

LIke as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
 As is his art that playes vpon the fame :
 So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
 On my heart-strings high tun'd vnto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 VVhich here I yeeld in lamentable wife :
 A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
 VVhose due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Else harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse,
 Hoarse founds the voyce that prayseth not her
 name ;
 If any pleasing relish here I vse,
 Then iudge the world her beauty giues the fame.
 For no ground els could make the Musicke such,
 Nor other hand could giue so true a touch.

Sonnet 57. l. 1, 'that ioyes' ¹, ², ³ : ll. 13, 14—

'O happie ground that makes . . .

And blessed hand that giues so sweete' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. LVIII.

None other fame mine vnambitious Muse,
 Affected euer, but t'eternize thee :
 All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
 Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
 For God forbid I should my Papers blot,
 With mercenary lines, with seruile Pen :
 Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
 Basely attending on the hopes of men.
 No, no, my Verse respects not *Thames* nor *Theaters*,
 Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
 But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
 Shall haue my Song, where *Delia* hath her feat:
Auon shall be my *Thames*, and she my Song,
 No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Sonnet 58. l. 11, 'rich' ¹, ², ³, accepted for 'poore' of ³, ⁴, ⁵, and *a* ;
 also 'though' for 'and' : l. 14, 'He found her name the Ryuer all along'
¹, ², ³.

SONNET. LIX.

VNhappy Pen, and ill-accepted lines
 That intimate in vaine my chaste desire :
 My chaste desire, which from darke sorrow shines,
 Inkindled by her eyes celestially fire.
 Celestially fire, and vnrespecting powres
 Which pittie not the wounds made by their might,
 Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,
 The sacrifice here offred to her fight.
 But since she weighs them not, this rests for me,
 Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue :
 And so content me that her frownes should be
 To m'infant stile the Cradle, and the Graue.
 What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
 Each Bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

Sonnet 59. l. 1, 'papers' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, 'defiers' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'defiers,
 the euer burning tapers' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 4, 'fiers' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, 'fiers' ^{1, 2, 3}:
 l. 6, 'That deigne not view the glory of your' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 7, 'In' humble
 lines' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'I offer' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, 'fith' ^{1, 2, 3}: *ibid.*, 'scornes her
 owne' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, 'selfe' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LX.

LO here the impost of a faith entire
 Which loue doth pay, and her disdain extorts :
 Behold the message of a chaste desire
 Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
 These tributary passions, beauties due,
 I send those eyes the cabinets of loue :
 That Cruelty her selfe might grieue to view
 Th'affliction her vnkind disdain doth moue.

And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,
 Penſiue alone, onely but with Diſpaire :
 My ioyes abortiue, periſh in their byrth.
 My griefes long liu'd, and care ſucceeding care.
 This is my ſtate, and DELIAS heart is ſuch,
 I ſay no more, I feare I ſayd too much.

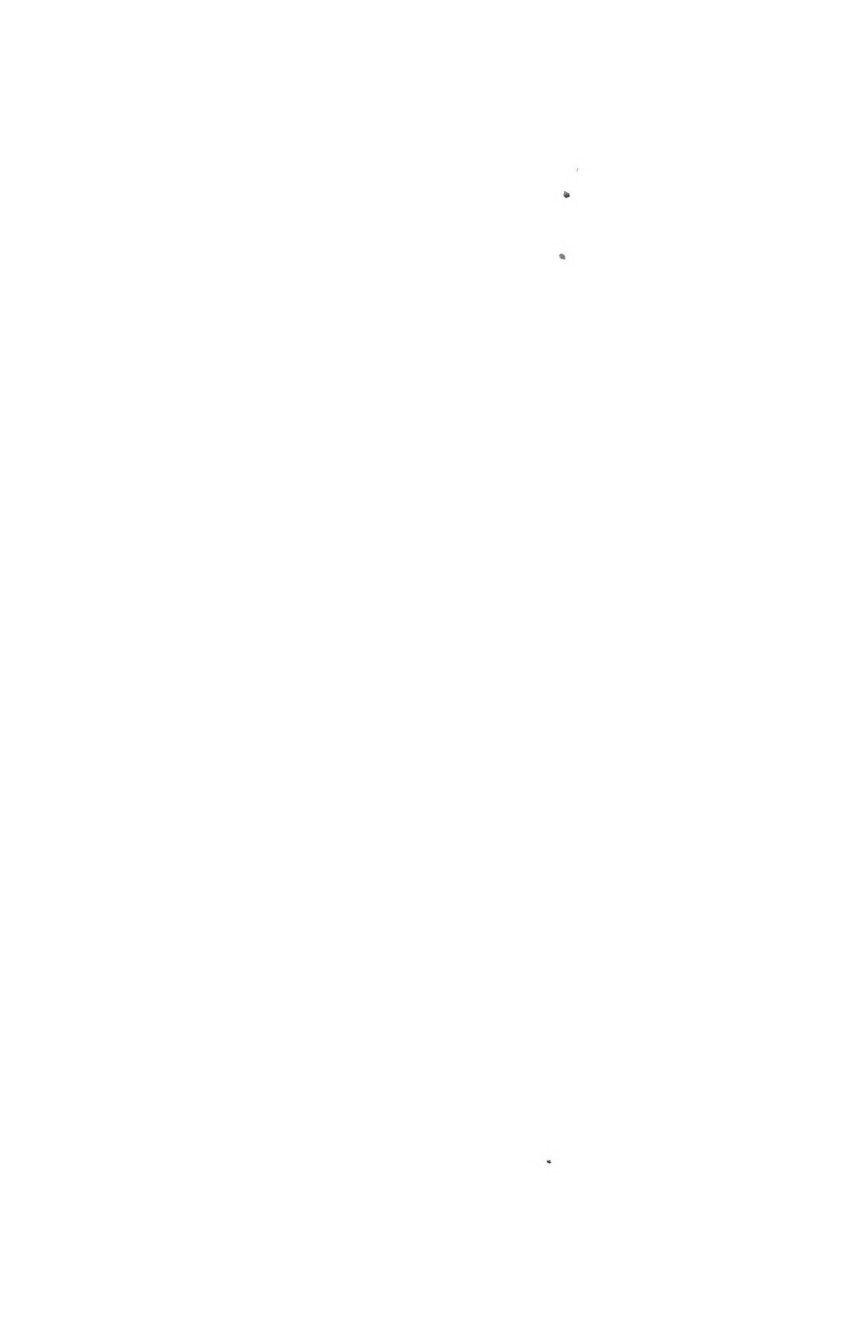
Sonnet 60. l. 1, 'vnſaining' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, 'That loue hath paide
 extortes' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'my iuſt complayning' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 4, 'That ſhewes
 . . . imported' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, 'plaintes fraught with deſire' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 7,
 'The Paradice whereto my hopes aſpire' ^{1, 2, 3}: ll. 8, 9—

'From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue caſt downe from myrth' (^{1, 2, 3}):

l. 10, 'none but deſpayre about mee' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 11, 'periſht at' ^{1, 2, 3}—
 'periſht' accepted for 'periſh' from ^{4, 5} and *a*: l. 12, 'carres . . . will
 not dye without mee' ^{1, 2, 3}: 'Finis' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, qu.—'I've'?

The Ode and other related Poems appended will be found under 'IX.
 Occaſional Poems.'



III.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

1592.

NOTE.

As shown by the title-pages of 1592 (1st and 2nd edition), the 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Sonnets to Delia'; and so in ³, ⁴, ⁵, and *a*. Our text (as throughout) is the 4to of 1623; but underneath the various readings, additions, etc., of the earlier texts are recorded.

In 1594 edition (Malone 354) on last leaf (verso) the following notes are written:—

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic jacet in tombo Rofa mundi non Rofa munda.
Non redolet fed olet, quæ redolere folet.

Heer lyes intoumbd wthin this compaft ftone,
ffayre *Rofamond*, not nowe the world's fayre rofe;
Who whilome sweeteft fmelt, follow'd by none,
Doth nowe wth deadly ftaunch infest y^e nofe.

F. L.

AND

This marble ftone doth heere enclofe
The worlds fayre not now fweete rofe,
In whome too late the worlds refofe
Doth nowe wth ftinch offende the nofe.

F.d.

See Memorial-Introduction on Mr. J. Payne Collier's reprints of the early texts of the 'Complaint.'

A. B. G



THE
COMPLAINT OF
Rosamond.

O Vt from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my fhame that neuer fleepes,
The fpot wherewith my kind, and youth did ftaine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it :
A fheete could hide my face, but not my fin,
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclofe it in.

And which is worfe, my foule is now denied,
Her transport to the fweet Elifian reft,
The ioyfull bliffe for Ghosts repurified, 10
The euer-fpringing Gardens of the bleft :
Caron denies me waftage with the reft.

And faies my foule can neuer paffe the Riuer,
Till Louers fighs on earth fhall it deliuer.

So fhall I neuer paffe ; for how fhould I
Procure this facrifice amongst the liuing ?
Time hath long fince worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniuft depriuing :
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

Rosamond hath little left her but her name, 20
And that difgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

l. 4, , accepted from ¹, ²; also : after 'it' for . : l. 9, 'Elifean' ¹: l. 18,
: for , ¹, ², ³.

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
 Each Pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
 Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base ;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint ;
 Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,
 That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieve, my miserable Ghost,
 (Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile, 30
 Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
 And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
 Comes to sollicite thee, (whilst others faile)
 To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
 To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
 Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
 In others cares hath little time to vse,
 And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse, 40
 The ioyes depending on a womans grace,
 So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
 And offer vp her sighs among the rest,
 Whose merit wuld suffice for both our glory,
 Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest ;
 That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is led,
 To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

l. 27, hyphen accepted ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 33, 'since' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 37, 'affliction' accepted ^{1, 2, 3}, for 'affection': l. 43, 'deynge' ^{1, 2}.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'st wight, 50
 By beauty might haue comfort after death :
 That dying fairest, by the fairest might
 Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath
 She that can blesse vs with one happy breath,
 Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best,
 That thereby thou mayst ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said : forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
 And pittie (which my selfe could neuer find,)
 What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
 And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind. 60
 And I (more willing) tooke this charge assign'd,
 Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
 And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
 Report the downe-fall of my slippry state :
 Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
 To teach to others what I learnt too late.
 Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
 And ere they come to know them tis forbidden. 70

For whilst the Sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
 I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
 That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
 I had what glory euer flesh could get :
 But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
 Disgrace dark'd honour, sinne did cloude my brow,
 As note the sequell, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I stain'd, was good and of the best,
 My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :
 Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest. 86
 Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the fame.
 My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concurr'd to make me happy furst,
 That so great hope might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide
 The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,
 And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
 Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies :
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yeelds, 90
 Deeming such beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd
 From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
 There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
 There where I lost the floure which honour keeps,
 There where the worser thriues, the better weepes ;
 Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelve,
 I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands,
 With all assaulting powres inuironed ; 100
 Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
 To hold their honours Fort vnvanquished ;
 There where to stand, and be vnconquered,
 Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
 That cannot long for pittie be vnkinde.

l. 98, ,¹, ², ³, accepted : ll. 99—105 first inserted in ⁴ are reprinted in ⁵, though left out in 1599 edition, but again in 1605.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
 With rarest prooffe of beauty euer seene :
 When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
 That it had powre to make the winter greene,
 And floure affections whereas none had beene ; 110
 Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
 And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though yeeres with cold conceit,
 Congeal'd their thoughts against a warme desire,)
 Yet figh their want, and looke at such a baite ;
 I saw how youth was waxe before the fire ;
 I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
 Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
 The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing, 120
 Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;
 Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
 Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
 So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it ;
 So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
 T'amaze the world, that holdes such fights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
 Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes :
 Dombé Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,
 More then the words or wisedome of the wise ; 130
 Still harmony, whose Diapason lyes
 Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
 To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such ?
 What cannot women doe that know their powre ?
 What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
 How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre ?
 Whilst they inioy their happy blooming flowre,
 Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
 Of youth and beauty, which the world admires. 140

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
 No borrowed blufh which bank-rot beauties seeke :
 That new-found flame, a finne to vs vnknowne,
 Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke :
 Wilde staines to honour, and to women eeke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
 Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chastities abator,
 Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :
 Treason to counterfeit the feale of Nature, 150
 The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highe
 Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,
 Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,
 And all that honour thee Idolatrife.

Farre was that finne from vs whose age was pure,
 VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,
 The time when women had no other lure
 But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :
 This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
 These were the weapons which mine honour wonne,
 In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne. 161

l. 139, 'her' (*bis*) 'proper fayre' ¹, ², ³ : l. 140, 'Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each fight, sweetens th'ayre' ¹, ², ³ (in ² misprinted 'arye') : l. 152, , ¹, ², ³, for . : l. 158, : ¹, ², ³ for . : l. 160, spelt 'wunne' ¹, ² : 'wun' ³.

VWhich were not small; I wrought on no meane object,
 A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me :
 VWhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
 VWho did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me :
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me,
 Found well (by prooffe) the priuiledge of beauty,
 That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
 And all the triumphs of his honour wonne : 170
 Vnmatcht by fword, was vanquisht by a glance,
 And hotter warres within his breast begunne.
 VVarres, whom whole legions of defires drew on :
 Against all which, my chastitie contends,
 VWith force of honour, which my shame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend,
 Transpearcing raies of cristall poynted eyes :
 No stratagem, no reason could amend,
 No not his age ; (yet old men should be wise)
 But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies. 180
 Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
 For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

VWho would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
 Obey'd his hand-maide of so meane estate ;
 Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
 Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date.
 But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,
 For such a dainty which his youth found not,
 Vnto his feeble age did chauce allot.

l. 163, : ¹, ², ³ for , : and so l. 165 : l. 170, 'Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes' ¹, ², ³ : l. 172, 'bosome breedes' ¹, ², ³ : l. 173, 'defires feedes' ¹, ², ³ : l. 174, 'oppofes' ¹, ², ³ : l. 175, 'The field of honour vertue neuer loses' ¹, ², ³ : l. 184, 'a state' ¹, ².

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good, 190
 For that some crosse still counter-checks our lucke ;
 As here behold th'incompatible blood,
 Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke :
 VVhose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe sucke,
 As opposite to what our blood requires ;
 For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour fitting,
 Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
 Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
 May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old : 200
 Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
 Miserable fortune to forget so farre
 The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect ;
 For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
 H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
 Of maiesty, whereon his state relies :
 And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.
 For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
 And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth. 210

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
 So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
 My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.
 The Crowne that could command what it requires,
 I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.
 Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne,
 Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And fafe mine honor flood, till that in truth,
 One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
 Was fet in ambush to intrap my youth. 220
 One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
 One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.
 A feeming Matron, yet a finfull Monfter,
 As by her words the Chafter fort may confter.

She fet vpon me with the fmoothest speech
 That Court and age could cunningly deuife :
 Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
 The other learn'd her how to subtilife.
 Both were enough to circumuent the wife.
 A document that well might teach the fage, 230
 That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (faid ſhe) behold thy happy chance,
 That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
 Whereby thou may'ſt thy honor great aduance,
 Whilſt thou (vnhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap :
 Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwrap,
 T'oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt thine owne good fortune,
 That poynts thee out, and ſeemes thee to importune.

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*)
 Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate : 240
 And ſhowers downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
 Whilſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy Fate?
 Fie Fondling ſie, thou wilt repent too late
 The error of thy youth ; that canſt not ſee
 What is the Fortune that doth follow thee.

l. 230, 'may' ¹, ², ³: l. 232, 'faith' ¹, ².

Thou must not thinke thy flower can alwayes flourish,
 And that thy beauty will be still admired ;
 But that those raies which all these flames doe nourish,
 Cancell'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
 And men will scorne what now is so desired. 250

— Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
 Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
 The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow ;
 I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
 And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;
 I lost my time, and I repent it now.

But were I to beginne my youth againe,
 I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them, 260
 Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale ;
 Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them,
 To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
 Esteeme not Fame more then thou dost thy weale.

Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)
 Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
 In th'imaginarie lifts of Reputation ?
 Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,
 Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation : 270
 Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;

Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
 To leaue the sweet for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
 Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
 Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
 Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne :
 And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.

So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
 Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least. 280

The subtill City-women, better learned,
 Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :
 Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
 Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;
 Tis warie walking that doth safelyest go,
 With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes :
 Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
 And let not honor from thy sports detract :
 Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290
 That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact ;
 Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
 And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefeest arte,
 For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.

The mightie who can with such finnes dispence,
 In steed of shame doe honors great bestow,
 A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
 And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.
 The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
 Is not defilde, but pure remains therein : 300
 And being sacred, sanctifies the fin.

l. 279, 'blasts' ¹, ² : l. 291, 'the' ¹, ² : l. 294, 'sees' ¹, ³, accepted for
 'fee' : ll. 295—301 from ¹, ², ³ : l. 298, misprinted 'sarelet.'

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old ?
 Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon ;
 Thy pleasures want shall be supplide with gold,
 Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone :
 Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impreffion strikes,
 For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
 When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood : 310
 Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
 The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;
 Small my defence to make my party good,
 Against such powers which were so surely laid,
 To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
 To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :
 Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
 Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
 Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win, 320
 When cleaner thoughts my weakenesse gan vpbray
 Against my selfe, and shame did force me say ;

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare ?
 Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame :
 Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
 T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name ?
 Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame ?
 Opening thy feete to finne, thy soule to lust,
 Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust ?

1. 321, 'can' ¹, ². See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee, 330
 And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
 Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
 Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed ;
 Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;
 So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
 That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer with longer to enioy the Aire,
 Then that thou breath'ft the breath of Chastitie :
 Longer then thou preferu'ft thy soule as faire
 As is thy face, free from impuritie. 340
 Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
 Where Natures care such rarities inroule ;
 Which w'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King, and may constraine me,
 Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.
 The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,
 I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed :
 We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
 And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,
 If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the fame. 350

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)
 Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
 This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laide,
 Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about ?
 Thy simple yeeres cannot resolue this doubt.
 Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
 But (in despite) some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
 Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin ;
 Till world and pleasure made me partialize, 360
 And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
 That though I finn'd, my finne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
 Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
 Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,
 Lost me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.
 Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
 And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies, 370
 For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonife.

Thus wrought to sinne, soone was I train'd from Court,
 T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend
 The time the King should thither make resort,
 Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
 Thither he daily messages doth send,
 With costly Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
 Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
 He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought ; 380
 So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
 T'expresse the cunning Worke-mans curious thought ;
 The mysterie whereof I prying fought,
 And found engrauen on the lid aboue,
Any mone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Anymone, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,
 As she was fetching water all alone
 At *Lerna* : whereas *Neptune* came and caught her :
 From whom she striu'd and struggled to be gone,
 Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone ; 390
 But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go ;
 Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens fo.

There might I see described how she lay,
 At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer :
 Wayling her heauy hap, curfing the day,
 In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
 And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.
 Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)
 Did seeme against the Sunne Christall and Pearle :

Whose pure cleere streames (which lo so faire appears)
 Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue 401
 That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
 And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
 Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue ;)
 To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
 But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith something moued,
 Figured I finde within the other squares,
 Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
 In her affliction how she strangely fares. 410
 Strangely distrest'd (O beauty, borne to cares)
 Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
 Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

l. 390, 'Beating' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'Bathing' of *a* : l. 391, 'sh'is' ^{1, 2, 3} :
 l. 404,) inserted instead of after l. 401 at 'Loue' : l. 406, 'that' ^{1, 2, 3} :
 l. 408, 'found' ^{1, 2}.

These presidents presented to my view,
 Wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
 Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
 And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
 But Fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.

For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
 Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. 420

Witnesse the world, wherein is nothing rife,
 Then miseries vnken'd before they come :
 Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,
 Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?
 Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to some,
 Yet that so doubtfull (as successe did proue them)
 That men must know they haue the Heau'ns aboue
 them.

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
 I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
 I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring, 430
 Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
 So weake is fence, when error hath condemn'd it.
 We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
 But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illnesse,
 Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
 Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,
 And dreadfull blacke had dispossessed the cleere,
 Com'd was the Night (mother of sleepe and feare)
 Who with her fable-mantle friendly couers 440
 The sweet-stolne sport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
 And felt the hand of lust most vndefired :
 Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
 Which yeeldes no naturall pleasure when tis hired.
 Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
 Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
 What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But foone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
 And sleepe feal'd vp his languishing defires : 450
 When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
 Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
 My nakednesse had prou'd my fences liers.
 Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein ;
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our fin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadi'd,
 From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning :
 Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,
 My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of finning ;
 Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning. 460
 For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
 But vse of finne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of finne did worke in me a boldnesse,
 And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
 That ieaiousie increas'd with ages coldnesse,
 Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale ;
 Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
 H'is driuen to deuise some subtile way,
 How he might safelyest keepe so rich a pray.

l. 454, ; added for , : and so ll. 466, 474, 482.

A stately Pallace he forthwith did build, 470
 Whose intricate innumerable wayes
 With fuch confused errours, so beguilde
 Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine strays,
 And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes ;
 With bootelesse labor leading them about,
 Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the clos'd bofome of which frame,
 That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
 Were lodgings, with a Garden to the fame,
 With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, 480
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
 T'entertaine the sense of wanton eies ;
 Fuell of Loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Here I inclos'd from all the world asunder,
 The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
 The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
 Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :
 None but the King might come into the place,
 With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
 And he himselfe came guided by a threed. 490

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
 Most wayward issue of a gentle Sire ;
 Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
 Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtill lier ;
 Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire :
 Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
 Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haft a thouſand Gates thou entereſt by,
 Condemning trembling paſſions to our hart ;
 Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie, 500
 Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleaſures ſmart,
 Enuious Obſeruer, prying in euery part ;
 Suſpicious, fearefull, gazing ſtill about thee,
 O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou diſt deſtrive (through falſe ſuggeſting feare)
 Him of content, and me of libertie :
 The onely good that women hold ſo deere,
 And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
 Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemye.
 Enioyn'd the ranſome of my bodies ſhame, 510
 Which though I paid, could not redeeme the ſame.

What greater torment euer could haue bene,
 Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd ?
 For what is beauty if it bee not ſeene ?
 Or what is't to be ſeene if not admir'd ?
 And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd ?
 Neuer were cheekes of Roſes, locks of Amber,
 Ordain'd to liue imprifon'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
 (Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light :) 520
 The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due
 By ancient Charter, to liue moſt in fight,
 And ſhe that is debar'd it, hath not right.
 In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,
 For Beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

l. 515, 'vnleſſe' ¹, ², ³: l. 524, 'in this vſe dehorting' ¹, ², ³: l. 525
 'reſorting' ¹, ², ³.

Witnesse the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,
 The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire :
 For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
 That thither couets not to make repaire ?
 The follitary Countrey may not stay her. 530
 Here is the centre of all beauties best,
 Excepting *Delia*, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
 Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired :
 And herein all our chiefeft glory lies,
 To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
 O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
 Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer :
 We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd 540
 From Countrey-safety, from the fields of rest :
 To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
 And liue in pompe to braue among the best :
 Happy for me, better had I beene blest,
 If I vnluckily had neuer straide,
 But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinkes
 No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :
 Shee's deckt with truth ; the Riuer where she drinkes
 Doth serue her for her glasse, her Counsell-giuer ; 550
 She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

Her dayes are peace, and so she endes her breath,
 (True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

l. 531, mis-spelt 'beatties,' and l. 532, 'Delea' in *α*: l. 549, ; for
 , inserted.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
 In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
 Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,
 Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
 Nor had I taught, (through my vnhappy fate)
 This Lesson (which my selfe learn't with expence)
 How most it hurts, that most delights the fence. 560

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duely giuen,
 Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :
 No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
 For shame must end what wickednesse begun ;
 Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon,
 And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
 That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
 Entring the Closet of the Pallace dweller :
 Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden. 570
 Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,
 Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
 The Sword of Iustice cannot cut her Wings,
 Nor stop her mouth from vttring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
 From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
 The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
 That she the whole of all our practise learned,
 And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
 In absence of the King to wreake her wrong, 580
 With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,
 That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
 Left there by chance, referu'd for such a deed,
 Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhor'd.
 Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce she speakes a word,
 But flies with eager furie to my face,
 Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygreffe that hath lost her Whelpes,
 Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods astray: 590
 And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
 Furiously assaults what's in her way,
 To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
 So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
 As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vsde,
 She forc'd me take the Poyson she had brought,
 To end the life that had her so abusde,
 And free her feares, and ease her ialous thought.
 No cruelty her wrath could leaue vnwrought, 600
 No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common ;
 (No beast being fiercer then a ialous woman.)

Here take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,
 Base gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart ;
 Your Love-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
 With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Art.
 This potion hath a power that will conuart
 To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.
 And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ? 610
 Tremble you (Minion ?) come, dispatch with speed ;
 There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
 And all these teares you shed will nothing speed ;
 Those dainty fingers needes must doe the deed.
 Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
 And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
 My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :
 Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
 Presenting me the horror of my last : 620
 All hope of pittie and of comfort past.
 No meanes, no power ; no forces to contend,
 My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
 They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,
 That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
 Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
 That body which my lust did violate,
 Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.) 630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
 But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
 And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
 Except of Death, which she had left with me.
 (Death and my selfe alone together be.)
 To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
 Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my finne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne, 640
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;
 Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
 Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast ;
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence ;
 Must here the right of Heauen needes satisfie, 650
 And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,
My fudden, strange vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamy.
And poore distressed *Rosamond* (saide I)
 Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
 In Desarts where no eare can heare thee mourne ?

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of my sad tragedie ; 660
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
 Thy finne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
 Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone,
 Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
 And though thou perishest desolate alone,
 Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :
 Vtter thy grieffe wherewith thy soule doth swell. 670
 And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorse,
 And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
 With filence onely, and a dying bed ;
 Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
 Didst glorious liue, admir'd and honored :
 And now from friends, from succour hither led,
 Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
 And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate, 680
 To shew in thee the glory of her best ;
 Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill fate,
 Making thy face the foe to spoyle the rest ?
 O Beautie thou an enemy profest
 To Chastitie and vs that loue thee most,
 Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost ?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
 (And well may you be proude that you be so)
 Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;
 Would God I might to you but ere I goe 690
 Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
 To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,
 That no inticing may diuert the same.

1. 680 ('ô for thys')³ : 1. 687, 'O you'³.

See'ng how against your tender weakenesse still,
 The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent ;
 And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,
 Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent :
 Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.
 The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
 Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade. 700

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
 Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :
 And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to moue
 To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
 Open to those the comfort of your flame,
 Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
 In those pure ways that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
 Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
 Haue cau'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds 710
 Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :
 Whilst married but to titles, we abide
 As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,
 When shadoves cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
 The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre ;
 Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;
 Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
 Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,
 Make vs neglected, scorned and reprov'd. 720
 (And O what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
 Left this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
 Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,
 And cloude with infamie your beauties shine :
 Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
 The treasurie that's vnpossess of any :
 And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
 (The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray 730
 Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane ;
 And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
 Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
 Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of fin,
 The filth of lust, vncleaneesse wallowes in.

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)
 Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our foes,
 But we must haue some of our selues to be
 Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those ?
 Such as our feeble forces doe disclose, 740
 And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
 To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth ?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
 Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :
 Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,
 Factors for darkenesse, messengers of night,
 Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
 The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
 Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aspect, 750
 (In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoo
 The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
 The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
 Hauing (your lothefome felues) your youth spent so.
 And in vncleannesse euer haue beene fed,
 By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraide,
 The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto fin,
 The wife made subtill, subtill made the maide,
 The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin : 760
 Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.
 Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
 Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttered then,
 A testament to be recorded still,
 Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,
 To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
 Though I could wish (by th'example of my will)
 I had not left this note vnto the faire,
 But dide intestate to haue had no heire. 770

But now, the poyson spread through all my vaines,
 Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite :
 And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
 Plac'd his pale colours (th'enfigne of his might)
 Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right ;
 Thence chac'd my foule, fetting my day ere noone,
 When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

l. 768, 'And ô I wish': l. 771, 'The poyson soone disperc'd' ¹, ²:
 l. 772, 'Had' ¹, ², ³: l. 773, 'When naught' ¹, ²; 'and naught' ³; hyphen
 inserted.

And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,
 My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
 Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals 780
 T'incounter with the same vpon the way,
 As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
 To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Iudge those whom chance depriues of sweetest treasure,
 What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
 The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
 The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
 What passions feeles that heart, inforc'd to beare
 The deepe impressiion of so strange a sight, 790
 That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
 Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
 For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares ;
 Confus'd affects each other doe confound.
 Opprest with grieve, his passions had no bound :
 Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;
 For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
 Through which, th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,
 Wailes out a sound that forrowes doe bewray : 801
 With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
 Vaporizing out sighs that to the skies ascended.
 Sighs (the poore ease calamitie affords)
 Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

l. 791, 'Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer shew a right' ¹, ², ³ : l. 799,
 'away' ¹, ² (bad).

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
 The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne ?
 Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
 With bloud of mine owne shame thus vildely done ?
 How can my fight endure to looke thereon ? 810
 Why doth not blacke eternall darkeness hide,
 That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide ?

What saw my life wherein my soule might ioy ;
 What had my dayes whom troubles still afflicted,
 But onely this, to counterpoize annoy ?
 This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted ;
 This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted ;
 This, that did season all my sowre of life,
 Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife, 820
 Diffension in my bloud, iarres in my bed :
 Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
 Spending the night in horror, daies in dread ;
 (Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
 These miseries goe mask'd in glittering showes,
 Which wife men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
 He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
 And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
 With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it : 830
 And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
 Viewing the face that euen death commends,
 On fencelesse lippes, millions of kisses spends.

1. 807, 'Sonne' ¹, ², ³ : 1. 817, 'afflicted' ¹, ².

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gaueſt
 The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh :
 O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haueſt,
 This forrowing farewell of a dying kiſſe ;
 And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
 Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
 Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I ſee Death dallying ſeekes,
 To entertaine it ſelfe in Loues ſweet place ;
 Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured cheekes,
 Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
 And vgly Death ſits faire within her face ;
 Sweet remnants reſting of Vermillian red,
 That Death it ſelfe doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,
 Theſe obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee :
 For loe, my ſoule that now already faints, 850
 (That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forſake thee)
 Haftens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.
 Ile meete my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,
 For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,
 Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde :
 And I will cauſe Poſterity ſhall know,
 How faire thou wert about all women kinde ;
 And after-Ages Monuments ſhall finde,
 Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name, 860
 Roſe of the world, that ſweetned ſo the fame.

l. 834, 'quoth' ^{1, 2}, * : l. 845, 'ougly' ^{1, 2} : l. 849, 'The' ^{1, 2}.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
 He doth repress what griefe would else bewray,
 Left he too much his passions should discouer ;
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer,
 So farre transported that he knowes not whither,
 For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
 But done with all the rites pompe could deuise, 870
 At *Godflow*, where my body was interred,
 And richly tomb'd in honorable wife :
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries
 Vnto these times, the memory of me,
 Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
 And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found ;
 With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
 That time their workes should euer so confound,
 Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground. 880
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines
 Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
 And that thy accents willingly affignes
 Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
 Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

Then when Confusion in her courfe ſhall bring 890
 Sad defolation on the times to come :
 When mirthleſſe *Thames* ſhall haue no Swanne to ſing,
 All Muſicke ſilent, and the Muſes dombe.
 And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
 That once they flouriſht, though not cheriſht fo,
 And *Thames* had Swannes as well as euer *Po*.

/ But here an end, I may no longer ſtay,
 I muſt returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood :
 Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
 Tell *Delia*, now her figh may doe me good, 900
 And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
 And if I paſſe vnto thoſe happy bankes,
 Then ſhe muſt haue her praife, thy Pen her thanks.

So vaniſht ſhe, and left me to returne
 To proſecute the tenor of my woes,
 Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne :
 But (yet) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
 My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
 He hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene ;
 Who made me knowne, muſt make me liue vnſeene.
910

ll. 902, 904, 'thee' added : l. 914, 'vaniſht' accepted from ¹, ², for ' and
 a 'vanquiſht.'

F I N I S .

IV.

A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO
MARCUS ANTONIUS. .

1599.

NOTE

This 'Letter from Octavia' was first published in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599, and was reprinted in the folios of 1601 and 1602, and also in 1605, 1607, 1611 onward to *a*. Exceptionally, a collation of the successive editions reveals practically no variations.

A. B. G.



To the right Honourable and most
vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET
*Countesse of Cumberland.*¹



Lthough the meaner sort (whose
thoughts are plac'd
As in another Region, farre below
The sphere of greatnesse) cannot
rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her
passions know :

Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow
Words vpon grieve, as my griefes comprehend ;
And made this great afflicted Lady shew, 10
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.
And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Lady, that vouchsaf't to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread,
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead. 17

¹ See Memorial-Introduction for notice of this 'Fair Lady.'





The Argument.



Vpon the second agreement (the first being broken through ieaiousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octavius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a lincke to combine that which nere yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Ostage, to serue the opportunity of aduantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountred with all the grieuances that beate vpon the misery of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuerse tending humours of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Ægypt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe, being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the poynt of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could draw a man vnto: could not truly descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred

*Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and
 the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her
 affections in any other colours, then the plaine habit of
 truth: wherein she euer suted all her actions, and used
 all her best ornaments of Honestie, to winne the good
 liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne
 betweene him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes
 withall: which the sharpe sight of an equally iealous
 ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke
 thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuse it:
 and therefore, to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces,
 either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or
 else to disfranke him out of state and all. When Octauia
 by the imployment of Antonie (as being not yet ready to
 put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her selfe, great
 with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a
 most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from
 the farthest part of Greece, to finde Octavius, with whom
 her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected
 their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that
 time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could
 not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his
 former disease, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe
 into Ægypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite
 put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey
 to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe
 out of the respect of Countrey, bloud and
 alliance; which gaue to Octauia the
 cause of much affliction, and
 to mee, the Argument of
 this Letter.*

A Letter fent from *Octavia* to
her husband *Marcus Antonius*
into Ægypt.

I



O thee (yet deere) though most dis-
loyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a
barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octavia* fendeth
word
Of th'vnrind wounds receiued by thy
hand :

Great *Antony*, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou dost, and doe but reade her teares,
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene,
The staine of Ægypt, and the shame of Rome
Shalt dallying fit, and blush to haue them seene :
Whilst proud disdainfull she, geffing from whome
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,
Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Deere,
Now Sir you must be shent for staying heere.

3

From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame,
(Thou royall Concubine and Queene of lust)
Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are voyde of blame,
And whose most lawfull flame proues thine vniust :
Tis she that fends the message of thy shame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust :
Pardon, deare Lord, from her these forrowes are,
Whose bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
Although at first my trust in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame :
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least beleefe, till all confirm'd the same :
That I was almost last that would belieue,
Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

5

How oft haue poore abused I tooke part
With Falshood, onely for to make thee true ?
How oft haue I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew ?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my selfe, vnto my selfe vntrue :
So much my loue labour'd against my finne,
To shut out feare which yet kept feare within.

6

For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious *Anthonie*,
Could be by such a Syren so declind,
As to be traird a prey to Luxury :
I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind,
As to despise his Children, *Rome* and me :
But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust,
And more their shame that will be so vniust.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrowes free ;
For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines to stand betwixt Despaire and thee :
All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new,
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in
The colours I aduanced in his grace,
For that subduing powre, that him did win,
Hath lost me too, the honour of my face :
Yet why should I, bearing no part of finne,
Beare such a mighty part of his disgrace ?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine :
And his renowne being clip'd, mine cannot shine.

9

Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus, my bed to difesteeme :
So that alas, poore vnderferuing I,
A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme,
Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Cæsar* laboured,
To haue me leaue thy house, and liue more free :
But God forbid *Octavia* should be led,
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee.
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the objects that remember me
What *Antony* was once, although false now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11

These walles that here doe keepe me out of fight,
Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee,
And testifie that I will doe thee right ;
Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me :
The now sad Chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the Temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

12

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
 Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame;
 Nor neede I frustrate my delights so long,
 That haue such meanes to carry so the same,
 Since that the face of greatnesse is so strong,
 As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame;
 Hauing all secret helps that long thereto,
 That seldome wants there aught, but will to do.

13

Which yet to doe, ere lust this heart shall frame,
 Earth swallow me aliue, Hell rap me hence :
 Shall I, because dispis'd, contemne my shame,
 And adde disgrace to others impudence ?
 What can my powre, but giue more powre to fame ?
 Greatnesse must make it great incontinence :
 Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
 No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

14

Hath greatnesse aught peculiar else alone,
 But to stand faire and bright aboue the base ?
What doth diuide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice shall lay both leuell with disgrace ?
 For if vncleannesse make them but all one,
 What priuiledge hath Honour by his place ?
 What though our finnes goe braue and better clad
 They are as those in ragges, as base, as bad.

15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
 Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
 Vnder desert, and set vs farre below
 The reputation to our sexe assign'd :
 Charging our wrong reputed weaknesse, how
 We are vnconstant, fickle, false, vnkinde :
 And though our life with thousand proofes shewes no,
 Yet since strength saies it, weakenesse must be so.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
 Of power to doe of lifes best benefit :
 But stand, as if we interdicted were
 Of vertue, action, liberty and might :
 Must you haue all, and not vouchsafe to spare
 Our weaknesse any int'rest of delight ?
 Is there no portion left for vs at all,
 But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall ?

17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
 To know, to speake, to doe, and to be wise :
 Whose words haue credit, and whose deedes, though
 naught,
 Must yet be made to seeme farre otherwise :
 You can be onely heard, whilst we are taught
 To hold our peace, and not to exercise
 The powers of our best parts, because your parts
 Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

18

We, in this prifon of our felues confin'd,
Must here shut vp with our owne paffions liue,
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
 The vent of outward meanes that might relieue :
 That they alone must take vp all our mind,
 And no room left vs, but to thinke and grieve :
 Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
 Then your loose wifdomes born with wild neglect.

19

For, should we to (as God forbid we should)
 Carry no better hand on our desires
 Then your strength doth, what int'rest could
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires ?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires ?
 What foule confusion in your blood and race
 To your immortall shame and our disgrace ?

20

What ? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you ?
Must Leuitie stand sure, though Firmenesse fall ?
 And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
 And we no grant to be dispen'd withall ?
 Must we inuiolable keepe your due,
 Both to your loue, and to your falshood thrall ?
 Whilst you haue stretch't your lust vpon your will,
 As if your strength were licenc'd to doe ill.

21

O if you be more strong, then be more iust,
Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in strong or weake be better trust,
If frailty or else valour be more stout :
And if we haue shut in our hearts from lust,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud :
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs, of loosing what we hold,
Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
So that, what you vnties, doth vs in folde ?
Then Loue, tis thou that dost confound vs fo,
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

23

Distressed woman kind, that either must
For louing loose your loues, or get neglect :
Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust,
And falshood cherisht, Faith without respect :
Better she fares in whom is lesse trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind
To be most theirs, that vse you most vnkind

24

Yet well it fits, for that finne euer must
 Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame ;
 For he that holdes no faith, shall find no trust,
 But sowing wrong, is sure to reape the same :
 How can he looke to haue his measure iust,
 That fils deceit, and reckons not of shame,
 And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
 Shall euer pine for that which he hath not ?

25

Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue seem'd
 Though to haue seem'd, had likewise beene vniust :
 Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd,
 That oft they feede, though not suffice our trust :
 Because our nature griueth to be deem'd
 To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must,
 And it's some ease yet to be kindly vs'd
 In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26

But woe to her that both in shew despis'd
 And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorne,
 For whom no comforts are to be deuif'd,
 Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne :
 O *Antony*, could it not haue suffiz'd
 That I was thine, but must be made her scorne
 That enuies all her bloud, and doth deuide
 Thee from thy selfe, onely to serue her pride ?

27

What fault haue I committed that should make
So great dislike of me and of my loue ?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reprove ?
Because the conscience gladly would mistake
Her owne misdeeds which she would faine remoue ;
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence, because they will offend.

28

Or hauing runne beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with finne as wholly his,
Making it now their fide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe, would shew t'haue done amisse :
For now they thinke, not to be opposite
To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse :
So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
That euen to leaue off shame, they count it shame.

29

Which doe not thou, deere Lord, for I doe not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne
Backe to thy selfe, whom thou hast both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not fright, but mourne :
And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne :
And thou shouldst be the same vnto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30

Though deepe doth fit the hard recouering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad foule, then all th'vnkindnesse past :
And *Antony*, I appeale to thine owne hart,
(If th'heart which once was thine thou yet still hast)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue
Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto *Athens*, as I did,
Weary and weake with toyle, and all distrest,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request :
And how my trauell was considered,
And all my care and cost, thy selfe knowes best :
That wouldst not moue one foote from lust for me,
That had left all was deere to come to thee.

32

For first what great adoe had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæsars* backward will ?
And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the finne
Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still :
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set twixt both, to share with both your ill ?
My bloud said I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

33

For what fhame fhould fuch mighty perfons get,
For two weake womens caufe to difagree ?
Nay, what fhall I that fhall be deem'd to fet
Th'inkindled fire, feeming inflam'd for me ?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let thefe vnguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard
I wrung from him a flender grant at laft,
And with the rich prouifions I prepar'd
For thy (intended Parthian warre) made hafte,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties pafte :
And came to *Athens* ; whence I *Niger* fent,
To fhew thee of my coming and intent.

35

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no neare ;
Then fent I backe, to know what fhould be done
With th'horfe, and men, and money I had there :
Whereat perhaps when fome remorfe begun
To touch thy foule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'inchantrefse ftrait ftept twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
And all her batterie, to oppose my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retreat,
The powre of all her subtilty to proue :
Now pale and faint she languishes, and strait
Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue :
Whilst her instructed fellowes ply thine eares
With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-hearted Lord, say they, how canst thou see
This mighty Queene, a creature so diuine
Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee,
And onely wretched, but for being thine ?
Whilst base *Octavia* must intituled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy Concubine :
Aduance thy heart, raise it vnto his right,
And let a Scepter base passions quit.

38

Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side,
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,
Knowing where iudgement stood least fortified,
And how t'incounter folly in her kinde :
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wraffling thoughts dost finde ?
In what confused case is thy soule in,
Rackt betwixt pittie, sorrow, shame and fin ?

39

I cannot tell, but sure I dare beleue
My trauels needs must some compassion moue :
For no such locke to bloud could Nature giue
To shut out Pitty, though it shut out Loue :
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieve
To let in horror comming to reprove
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the same,
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene compleete,
In ioyes intire, but still feare kept the dore,
And held backe something from that full of sweete,
To interflowre vn Timer delights the more :
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were conceiu'd before :
Some thing must still be left to checke our sinne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

41

Wretched Mankinde, wherfore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniust shame ?
As if our pleasure onely were forbade,
But to giue fire to lust, t'adde greater flame ;
Or else, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same ;
Which though it be, yet adde not worfe to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

42

Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace
With thy diuided heart opprest with toile :
Breake vp this warre, this brest-diffention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile :
I do not onely seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty : the while
Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and Wrath for these wrongs offered :
And that my sufferings adde with my estate,
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head :
Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard fate,
Who rather wish to haue beene vn timer
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

44

Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my grieve,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke t'offend me with vn timer reliefe ?
Whilst my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee, must Pitty play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part against my dearest part ?

45

Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord,
 If yet he will but make returne at last ;
 His fight shall raze out of the sad record
 Of my inrowled grieve all that is past :
 And I will not so much as once afford
 Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd :
 And pittie shall bring backe againe with me
 Th'offended harts that haue forsaken thee.

46

And therefore come deere Lord, lest longer stay
 Do arme against thee all the powres of spight,
 And thou be made at last the wofull pray
 Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite :
 But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
 My trembling hand, and doth my foule affright ?
 What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend
 Th'euent of this ? what end vnlesse thou end ?

47

With what strange formes and shadowes ominous
 Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd foule intertaine ?
 I dreamt, yee O dreames are but friuolous,
 And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
A sea horse. Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
 From *Nilus* floating, thrusts into the maine,
 Vpon whose backe, a wanton Mermaide fate,
 As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good :
At whose ingrappling, *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with streames of bloud ;
Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forsakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stood :
But se'ing her gone, strait after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Disgrace and Feare,
Whereof th'euent forfooke me with the night
But my wak'd cares, gaue me : these shadowes were
Drawne but from darkeness to instruct the light.
These secret figures, natures message beare
Of comming woes, were they desciphered right ;
But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

50

Preuent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
If Lust and thy Ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate, and let my hart within
Consider in what danger thou dost lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadowes ouercaft.

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,
Possesse thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace :
Breake from these snares, thy iudgment vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my grieve release.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease ?
Words still with my increasing sorrowes grow :
I know t'haue said too much, but not enow.
Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

Finis.

V.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

TO

THE KING

(*JAMES I.*).

1603.

NOTE.

In the gift-folio of 1601 in the Bodleian and other copies, this 'Panegyrike' is found, so that it was probably privately printed and presented before the King arrived in England; albeit the 1601 volume is evidently made up of earlier and later printed pieces. A holograph MS. of this 'Panegyrike' is in the British Museum (Royal MSS. A 18. 72). So far as appears it was first published in 1603:—"A Panegyrike congratatorie to the King's Maiestie; also certaine epifles"—folio [British Museum, 837 K 9 (1)]. In the same year it was re-issued with a new general title-page, and 'Defence of Ryme' added: 'Printed by V. S. for E. Blount' [*Ibid.* 644, K 8 (2) folio]. Another (8vo) edition bears the same date (*Ibid.* 1076, f. 2). It was also contemporarily reprinted at Edinburgh (4to, 1603). The special title-page in the 1601 volume is given opposite this. It is within the wood-cut border of the others. Unlike his 'Delia' and 'Funerall Poeme' for Devonshire, the Author seems to have left the 'Panegyrike' unaltered, save in the slight variations and margin-note recorded in their places, and in st. 30. See our Memorial-Introduction on this 'Panegyrike.'

A. B. G.

Semper Eadem.

A

PANEGYRIKE
CONGRATVLATORY

Deliuered to the Kings most
excellent maiefty at *Burleigh*
Harrington in Rutlandshire.

By Samvel Daniel.

Also certaine Epistles.

With a Defence of Ryme
heeretofore written, and now
published by the
Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.



At London

Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount.*

A P A N E G Y R I K E C O N G R A T V L A T O R I E

to the Kings most excellent

Maiestie.

I



Oe here the glory of a greater day
Then *England* euer heretofore could
fee
In all her daies ! When she did most
display
The ensignes of her pow'r, or whenas
she
Did spread her selfe the most, and
most did sway

Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be
Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State,
Now thou art all *Great-Britaine* and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate ;
No borders but the Ocean and the shore :
No wall of *Adrian* serues to separate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
Being Subjects all to one imperiall Prince.

St. 2, l. 3, ' great Brittain ' 1601.

3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought
 By all the swords of pow'r, by bloud, by fire,
 By ruine and distruction ; here is brought
 To passe with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire :
 Our former blessed vnion hath begot
 A greater vnion that is more intire,
 And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one
 With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
 And yet hast brought vs more then this by farre ;
 Religion comes with thee, peace, righteoufnesse,
 Iudgement and iustice, which more glorious are
 Then all thy Kingdomes ; and art more by this
 Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more then Emperor
 Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
 To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5

✓ God makes thee King of our estates, but we
 Doe make thee King of our affection,
 King of our loue : a passion borne more free,
 And most vnsubiect to dominion :
 And know, that *England* which in that degree
 Can loue with such a true deuotion,
 Those that are lesse then Kings ; to thee must bring
 More loue, who art so much more then a King.

St. 3 in *a*, l. 3, 'to passe' ends l. 3 (error).

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
 Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by Sea and Land,
 Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
 Which ioyfully embraces thy command ;
 A people tractable, obsequious,
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
 To any forme of honor, t'any way
 Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought
 To a succeffiue course of quietnesse,
 As th'haue forgot (and O, b'it still forgot)
 The nature of their ancient stubbornnesse :
 Time alred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
 The State to that proportion'd euennesse,
 As 'tis not like againe 'twill euer come
 (Being v'l'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore
 Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
 Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more,
 (And yet O more, how could there euer be
 Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
 Amidst our ioy !) And giue vs leaue if we
 Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong
 So soone forget her we enioy'd so long.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new Prince for hating of the olde ;
Or from defire of change, or from neglect ;
Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
Before their time to an arising Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muse*, whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured :
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace ;
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death : but let the Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace ;
And that from peace to peace we doe remoue
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one course, and doe not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy then euer heretofore ;
And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

12

Our loue we see concures with Gods great loue,
Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,
Leuell'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the shew but of a let retaine :
Vnbarr'd the *North*, humbled the *South*, did moue
The hearts of all the right to entertaine ;
Held other states embroil'd, whose enuie might
Haue fostred factions to impugne thy right :

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine,
Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the *North* to shine
Against all th'impious workings, all th'affayes
Of vile disnatur'd Vipers, whose designe
Was to embroile the State, t'obscure the light,
And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

14

To whose reproch, since th'issue and succeſſe
Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,
Let no Pen else blazon their ouglineſſe ;
Be it enough, that God and men doe ſcorne
Their proiects, censures, vaine pretences :
Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,
Find there were any offred to conſeſt,
Or make a doubt to haue our Kingdome bleſt.

15

Burie that question in th'eternall graue
Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe :
Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue,
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,
That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, nor no decree
To be made know'n, fince none was known but thee.

16

Witnesse the ioy, the vniuerfall cheere,
The speede, the ease, the will, the forwardnesse
Of all this great and spacious State, how deere
It held thy title and thy worthinesse :
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readinesse,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name ;
O greater then our hopes, more then thy fame !

17

What a returne of comfort dost thou bring
Now at this fresh returning of our bloud,
Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud !
What a new season of encouraging
Biginnes t'inlength the dayes dispos'd to good !
What apprehension of recouerie
Of greater strength, of more abilitie !

18

The pulfe of *England* neuer more did beat
 So ftrong as now : nor euer were our harts
 Let out to hopes fo fpacious and fo great
 As now they are : nor euer in all parts
 Did we thus feele fo comfortable heat,
 As now the glory of thy worth imparts :
 The whole complection of the Common-wealth,
 So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

19

Could'ft thou but fee from *Douer* to the Mount,
 From *Totnes*, to the *Orcades*, what ioy,
 What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
 Is held of thy renowne this bleffed day :
 A day which we and ours muft euer count
 Our folemne feftiuall, as well we may.
 ✓ And though men thus court Kings ftill which are new,
 Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
 Who either loft a good or felt a bad,
 But thou haft cheer'd vs of this feare long fince,
 We know thee more, then by report we had :
 We haue an euerlafting euidence
 Vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread
 Thou wilt be otherwife in thy defignes
 Then there thou art in thofe iudiciall lines.

21

It is the greateſt glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue
The inſtitution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue :
VVe haue, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen and relieue
Our hopes in the ſucceſſion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

22

VVe haue an earneſt, that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That els no band can binde) to ratifie
VVhat thy religious hand hath there ſet downe,
VVherein thy all commanding Soueraigntie
Stands ſubieſt to thy Pen and thy renowne ;
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

23

There great *Exemplare, Prototype*, of Kings,
VVe finde the good ſhall dwell within thy Court ;
✓ Plaine zeale and truth, free from baſe flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and haue reſort ;
Honeſt diſcretion, that no cunning brings,
But counſels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiu'd, with thoſe whoſe care attends
Thee and the State more then their priuate ends.

24

There grace and fauour shall not be dispos'd,
 But by proportion, euen and vpright ;
 There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd
 Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light ;
 There Maiefty liues not as if inclos'd
 Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit :
 The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
 And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to respect,
 But onely by the way of worthinesse ;
 All passages that may seeme indirect
 Are stopt vp now, and there is no acceffe
 By grosse corruption, bribes cannot effect
 For th'vndeferuing any offices ;
 Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth ascend
 Must haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable defarts
 Shall not now passe thorow the straight report
 Of an imbasfing tongue, that but imparts
 What with his ends and humours shall comport :
 The Prince himselfe now heares, fees, knowes what parts
 Honor and Vertue acts, and in what sort :
 And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
 And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.

27

Nor shall we now haue vse of flatterie,
For he knowes falshood farre more subtile is
Then truth, basenesse then libertie,
Feare then loue, t'inuent these flourishes :
And Adulation now is spent so nie
As that it hath no colours to expresse
That which it would, that now we must be faine
T'vnlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

28

For where there is no eare to be abus'd
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong :
The insolent deprauer stands confus'd :
The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue,
Transform'd into the fashion that is v'd.
All striue t'apppeare like those they liue among,
And all will seeme compos'd by that same square
By which they see the best and greatest are.

29

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise (or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
Without the least conuulsion of the State;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

30

We fhall continue and remaine all one,
 In Law, in Iuftice, and in Magiftrate ;
 Thou wilt not alter the foundation
 Thy Anceftors haue laid of this Eftate,
 Nor grieue thy Land with innouation,
 Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate ;
 Knowing that courfe is beft to be obferu'd,
 Whereby a State hath longeft beene preferu'd.

31

A King of *England* now moft graciouſlie,
 Remits the iniuries that haue beene done
 T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
 To checke them more then his correction ;
 Th'annointed blood that ſtain'd moſt ſhamefully
 This ill ſeduced State, he lookes thereon
 With th'eye of grieve, not wrath, t'auenge the ſame,
 Since th'Authors are extinct that cauſ'd that ſhame.

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly doe glide,
 And doe not by their rage their powers profeſſe,
 But by their mightie workings, when in pride
 Small *Torrents* roare more lowd, and worke much leſſe :
 Peace, greatneſſe beſt becomes: calme power doth guide
 With a farre more imperious ſtatelineſſe,
 Then all the ſwords of violence can doe,
 And eaſier gaines thoſe ends ſhe tends vnto.

St. 30. We fhall continue one, and be the ſame
 In Law, in Iuftice, Magiftrate and forme,
 Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
 Of their Eftate thy Anceftors did forme
 But with a reuerence of their glorious fame
 Seek onely the corruptions to reforme (1601 folio).

33

Then *England*, thou hast reason thus to cheare,
Reason to ioy and triumph in this wise,
When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no feare
To lose ought els but thy deformities ;
When thus thou shalt haue health and be fet cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knowes how to cure,
And where most lie those griefes thou dost endure.

34

When thou fhalt fee there is another grace
Then to be rich ; another dignitie

Nam ubi cupido diuitiarum inuasit, neque disciplina, neque artes bonæ neque ingentium vltimū satis pollet.

Then money ; other meanes for place
Then gold ; wealth shall not now make
 honestie ;
When thou shalt see the estimation base
Of that which most afflicts our miserie :
Without the which, else could'ſt thou neuer see
Our wayes laid right, nor men themſelues to bee.

35

By which improuement we fhall gaine much more
Then by *Peru*, or all difcoueries :
For this way to imbafe, is to inftore
The treasure of the Land, and make it rife.
This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore,
To let out plenty, that it may fuffice :
For more then all this Ile, for more increafe
Of fubiefts then by thee, there can increafe.

36

This fhall make roome and place enough for all,
 Which otherwife would not fuffice a few,
 And by proportion Geometricall
 Shall fo difpofe to all what fhall be due,
 As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
 Intrufion, wresting, and by meanes vndue,
 Defert fhall haue her charge, and but one charge,
 As hauing but one body to difcharge.

37

Whereby the all in-cheering Maieftie
 Shall come to fhine at full in all her parts,
 And fspread her beames of comfort equally,
 As being all alike to like defarts :
 For thus to checke, imbase and vilifie
 Th'efteeme of wealth, will fashon fo our hearts
 To worthy ends, as that we fhall by much
 More labour to be good then to be rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, reftore the *Bar*,
 Th'er ancient filence, where contention now
 Makes fo confus'd a noife ; this will debar
 The foftring of debate, and ouerthrow
 That ougly Monfter, that foule rauener,
Extortion, which fo hideoufly did grow,
 By making prey vpon our misery,
 And wafting it againe as wickedly.

39

The strange examples of impou'rishments,
 Of sacriledge, exaction and of waste,
 Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
 For times to come, but end with th'ages past :
 Whenas the State shall yeeld more suppliments
 (Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhaust ;
 This golden Meadow lying ready still
 Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
 Haue the first touches euer violent :
 But soone againe it comes to languish, when
 The motiue of that humour shall be spent :
 But being still fed with that which first hath been
 The cause thereof, it holdes still permanent,
 And is kept in by course, by forme, by kinde,
 And time begets more ties that still more binde.

41

The broken frame of this disioynted State,
 Being by the blisse of thy great Grandfather
Henry the feuenth, restor'd to an estate
 More sound then euer, and more stedfaster,
 Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
 Stands bond to thee that art his successer :
 For without him it had not beene begunne,
 And without thee we had beene now vndone.

42

He, of a priuate man, became a King,
 Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie,
 Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing
 That good men wish for in their miserie
 Vnder ill Kings, saw what it was to bring
 Order and forme to the recouerie
 Of an vnruely State ; conceiu'd what cure
 Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

43

Thou, borne a King, hast in thy State endur'd
 The fowre affronts of priuate discontent
 With subiects broiles ; and euer beene enur'd
 To this great mysterie of gouernment :
 Whereby thy Princely wisdome hath allur'd
 A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,
 And brought vs an addition to the frame
 Of this great worke, squar'd fitly to the fame.

44

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence,
 That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
 Those whom it hath ordained to commence
 The first, and great establishments of States)
 Came when your aide, your powers experience
 (Which out of iudgement best accommodates
 These ioynts of rule) was more then most desir'd,
 And when the times of neede the most requir'd.

St. 43, l. 1, *a* misprints 'Then.'

45

And as he laid the modell of this frame,
By which was built so strong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the same,
All that excesse of a difordinate
And lustfull Prince, nor all that after came,
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once difioynt the couplements, whereby
It held together in iust Symetry.

46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordaind,
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain'd
By the onely stile and name of Maiesty ;
And by no other counsells oft attain'd
Those ends of her inioy'd tranquility,
Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances
Of neighbour States that gaue it a succeffe.

47

That hadst thou had no title (as thou hast
The onely right, and none hath els a right)
We yet must now haue bin inforc'd t'haue cast
Our selues into thy armes, to set all right,
And to auert confusion, bloudshed, waste,
That otherwise vpon vs needs must light :
None but a King, and no King els beside
Could now haue sau'd this State from being destroid'.

48

Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe
 The sacred bloud lent to adorne the *North*,
 And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
 And greater glory then we sent it forth.
 Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
 And keepe for great effects the feede of worth,
 And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
 In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49

Margaret of Richmond (glorious Grandmother
 Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
 From whence th'Almighty worker did transfer
 This branch of peace, as from a roote well fet)
 Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counfeller
 Of vnion, that didst both conceiue, beget
 And bring forth happineffe to this great State,
 To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50

O couldst thou now but view this faire successe,
 This great effect of thy religious worke,
 And see therein how God hath pleas'd to blesse
 Thy charitable counfels and to worke
 Still greater good out of the blessednesse
 Of this conioyned *Lancaster* and *Yorke* :
 Which all conioyn'd within, and those shut out
 Whom nature and their birth had set without.

St. 48, margin-note from 1601 folio—"It is iust a hundred yeares since the Lady Margaret was married to James the fourth King of Scots."

51

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great worke to reuerence thy name !
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wise
And learned *Mourton*, who contriue'd the fame,
And first aduif'd, and did so well aduise
As that the good successe that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
Are onely fit to act such glorious parts.

52

But *Muse*, these deare remembrances must be
In their conuenient places registred,
When thou shalt bring sterne discord to agree,
And bloudy warre into a quiet bed :
Which worke must now be finished by thee,
That long hath laine vndone, as destined
Vnto the glory of these dayes : for which
Thy vowes and Verse haue laboured so much.

53

Thou euer hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, furie, pride and wrong,
Perswading still to hold the course of right ;
And peace hath beene the burden of thy song :
And now thy selfe shalt haue the benefit
Of quietnesse, which thou hast wanted long ;
And now shalt haue calme peace, and vnion
With thine owne warres, and now thou must go on.

54

Onely the ioy of this so deare a thing
 Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came
 This so great good, this blessing of a King,
 When our estate so much requir'd the same :
 When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
 Of our affaires, need of a spirit to frame
 The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,
 Out of this humour of luxurioufnesse.

55

And brings vs backe vnto our selues againe,
 Vnto our ancient native modestie ;
 From out these forren finnes we entertaine,
 These lothefome surfets, ougly gluttonie ;
 From this vnmanly and this idle vaine
 Of wanton and superfluous brauery :
 The wracke of Gentry, spoyle of Noblenesse ;
 And square vs by thy temp'rate sobernesse.

56

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time,
 It is no rare thing to be abstinent,
 But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime
 Lies prostrate vnto all misgouernment.
 And who is not licencious in the prime
 And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
 When out of might he may, he neuer will ;
 No power can tempt him to that taste of ill.

57

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand
That doth this sterne of faire example guide ?
Who will not now shame to haue no command
Ouer his lusts ? Who would be seene t'abide
Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide ?
Who would now seeme to be dishonoured
With th'vncleane touch of an vnlawfull bed ?

58

What a great checke will this chaste Court be now
To wanton Court debauched with luxury ;
Where we no other Mistresses shall know
But her to whom we owe our loyalty ?
Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not feare to haue our wiues distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperiall lust, that being vnrain'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betrai'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
His time of life : but knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

60.

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clof'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion :
A worke of power and Iudgement, that must show
All parts of wisedome and discretion
That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire
This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

61

He hath a mighty burden to sustaine,
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations entertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence :
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who must commence
The great foundation of a gouernment,
And lay the frame of Order and Content.

62

Especially where mens desires do runne
A greedy course of eminency, gaine,
And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, so themselues may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil't all do entertaine
The present motions that this passage brings
With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.

63

So that the weight of all seemes to relie
Wholly vpon thine owne discretion ;
Thy iudgement now must only rectifie
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpon
From thee must come ; that thy posterity
May ioy this peace, and hold this vnion :
For whil't all worke for their owne benefit,
Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64

For, did not now thy full maturity
Of yeeres and wisdome, that discerne what showes,
What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes ;
We might distrust lest that a fide might part
Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy heart.

65

Since th'art but one, and that against thy brest
Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,
And all th'affaults of cunning are addrest
With stratagems of Art to enter it,
To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might fit
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselues and their owne ends.

66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
 To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand
 Against all th'interplac'd respondences
 Of combinations, fet to keepe the hand
 And eye of power from out the Prouinces
 That Auarice may draw to her command;
 Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
 That they againe to her might vse like care.

67

But God, that rais'd thee vp to act this part,
 Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthines,
 Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy heart
 Discernable of all apparences;
 Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
 Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*;
 That from thee men might reckon how this State
 Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'ft be
 The first in course, to fashion vs a new,
 VVherein the times hath offred that to thee,
 VVhich seldome t'other Princes could accrue:
 Thou hast th'aduantage only to be free
 T'employ thy fauours where they shall be due,
 And to dispose thy grace in generall,
 And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

St. 68, in margin of 1601 folio, '*Est Iupiter omnibus idem.*'

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuerfally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily :
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, wheron
They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty ;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But he that first deceiues, and proues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curfed be he that causes the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand ;
And curfed he that offers to betray
Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand ;
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

71

And he that shall by wicked Offices
Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamy :
And let men but confider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously :
They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

72

And it is iust, that they who make a prey
Of Princes fauours, in the end againe
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The spoiles of misery with greater gaine ;
Whose sacrifices euer do allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their disdaine :
For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and estate doth free
Thee from these powers of feare and flattery
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we see
Are wrought the acts of all impiety :
Thou art so set, as th'haft no cause to be
Iealous, or dreadfull of disloyalty ;
The pedestall whereon thy greatnesse stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

St. 73, l. 7, misprinted ' the.'



VI.

A Fvnerall Poeme Vpon the Death of
the late noble Earle of Deuonshire.

1606.

NOTE.

The Earl of Devonshire died on 3rd April, 1606, and this 'Fvnerall Poeme,' which appeared originally as a thin quarto, having a title-page printed in white letters on a black ground, may be dated in the same year, though without date anywhere. The title-page thus runs :—

A Fvnerall Poeme
Vpon the Death of
the late noble Earle
of Deuonshire.

(11 leaves.)

An exemplar is in the British Museum. It is found in all the collective editions after 1606. A collation of the quarto of 1623 with this original edition—never before done—abundantly rewards us. At the bottom of the pages lines and whole passages left out by the Author on revision are recorded, and some re-introduced into the text. Passages in the quarto of 1623 not in the original edition are also noted. The 1607 edition supplies in margin an important name. See Memorial-Introduction on this nobleman, and for an original and unpublished letter from Daniel to him.

A. B. G.

A
F V N E R A L L
P O E M E .
Vpon the Death of the late noble
Earle of Deuonshire.



OW that the hand of death hath layd
thee there,
Where neither greatnesse, pompe, nor
grace, we see,
Nor any differences of earth ; and
where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe
and thee :

Now *Deuonshire* that thou art but a name, 10
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not, but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done :

ll. 7-13 in the original edition are as follows :—

Where all must be, and leuel'd thee with th' Earth—
Where men are all of them alike, and where
There are no feu'rall roomes for state or birth :
Now thou hast nothing left thee but a name
(O noble *Deuonshire*) and all is gone
With thee, except the memorie, and fame
Of what thy vertue . . . hath . . .

Now shal my verfe which thou in life didst grace,
 (And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
 Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
 That few regard, or haue respect vnto,
 Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
 Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,
 Where what was ill, no countenance defends, 20
 And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets.
 Here shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen
 (The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
 I cannot be supposed to flatter, when
 I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face :
 Men neuer sooth the dead but where they do
 Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto.
 And I stand cleere from any other chaine
 Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath.
 The benefit thou gau'st me to sustaine 30
 My humble life, I loose it by thy death.
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
 Any exaction of respect so strong,
 As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,
 Or make my conscience differ from my tongue.
 Let those be vassals to such seruices
 Who have their hopes, or whose desires are hie,
 For me I haue my ends, and know it is
 For I haue learnt it is the property
 For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye. 40

l. 16, 'darkefome' ; ll. 26-7 not in original edition ; l. 28, 'And am
 vntide' ; ll. 36-8 accepted from original edition ; l. 40—Here in the original
 edition a very striking but scarcely wrought-out passage is found, as follows :—

And if mistaken by the Parralax
 And distance of my standing too farre off

And therefore I sincerely will report
 Firſt how thy parts were faire conuaid within,
 How that braue minde was built and in what ſort
 All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
 Which was ſo nobly fram'd, ſo well compoſ'd
 As vertue neuer had a fairer ſeate,
 Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repoſ'd,
 Then in that goodly frame ; where all things ſweete,
 And all things quiet, held a peacefull reſt ;
 Where paſſion did no ſuddaine tumults raiſe 50
 That might diſturbe her, nor was euer breſt
 Contain'd ſo much, and made ſo little noyſe ;

I heretofore might erre, and men might tax
 My being to free of prayſes, without prooffe.
 But here it is not ſo, and yet the choyce
 Of thoſe I made did yeald the greateſt ſhow
 Of honour and of worth, and had the voyce
 Of preſent times their virtues to allow.
 And if they haue not made them good, it is
 No fault of mine, nor ought it to be layd
 To difrepute theſe my obſeruances :
 True prayſes doe adorne, the falſe obrayd,
 And oftentimes to greatneſſe we are glad
 To attribute thoſe parts we wiſh they had.
 But *Deuonſhire* I here ſtand cleere with thee,
 I haue a manumiffion to be free,
 I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold
 To ſpeake the certaine truth of what I know :
 There is no power remains in thee, to hold
 The tongues of men, that will be talking now :
 And now being dead may anatomife,
 And open here all that thou wert within,
 Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wiſe
 All the contexture . . . [See l. 39.]

That by thy silent modestie is found
 The emptiest vessells make the greatest found.
 For thou so well discern'd'st thy selfe, had'st read
 Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
 The lesse to speake, as being ordain'd to spread
 Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse;
 Though thou had'st made a generall Suruey
 Of all the best of mens best knowledges, 60
 And knew as much as euer learning knew,
 Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the lesse,
 And lesse presume; and yet when being mou'd
 In priuate talke to speake, thou did'st bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
 That thou did'st know what euer wit could say;
 Which shew'd thou had'st not bookes as many haue
 For ostentation, but for vse, and that
 Thy bounteous memory was such, as gaue
 A large reuenue of the good, it gat. 70
 Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou
 Haft set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
 And markt them with that print as will shew how
 The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand;
 That none would thinke if all thy life had beene,
 Turn'd into leifure, thou could'st haue attain'd
 So much of time, to haue perus'd and seene,
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.
 Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare
 Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight 80
 Thy solitary *Wansteed*, where thy care
 Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.

l. 56, 'fmoake'; 'the' for 'thee'; l. 59, 'furuiew'; ll. 81-2, in margin,
 'The Library at Wansteed.'

And whereas many others haue, we see
 All things within their houses worth the fight,
 Except themselues, that furniture of thee
 And of thy presence, gaue the best delight.
 With such a season, such a temperature
 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetnes one,
 And held the tenor of thy life still sure,
 In consort with thy selfe in perfect tone ; 90
 And neuer man had heart more truly seru'd
 Vnder the regiment of his owne care
 And was more at command, and more obseru'd
 The colours of that modesty he bare
 Then that of thine, in whom men neuer found
 That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
 Of any veine thou hadst that was vnfound,
 Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
 And this was thy prouision laid within,
 Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines. 100
 VVhat to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
 VVhat the dimension of that fide contains,
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large
 As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes
 Wherein thou liu'ft, and also to discharge
 Those parts which Englands and thy fame should raise ;
 Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace
 Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
 As in thy spheere thy spirits did neuer cease
 To moue with indefatigable care 110
 And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart
 Nor more enlarge thee into iollity,

Then when thou sawest thy felfe in armour girt,
 Or any act of armes like to be nye.
 The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
 And what thou wert and what thou wouldst be found
 And markt thee there according to thy merit
 With honors flampe, a deepe and noble wound.
 And that same place that rent from mortall men
 Immortall *Sidney*, glory of the field 120
 And glory of the Muses, and their pen
 (VVho equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
 Had likewise bin thy last, had not the fate
 Of *England* then referu'd thy worthy blood,
 Vnto the preferuation of a State
 That much concern'd her honour and her good ;
 And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis
 Of grace and fauour in *Elizaes* fight
 (That miracle of women) who by this
 Made thee be held according to thy right; 130
 Which faire and happy blessing thou mightst well
 Haue farre more raifd had not thine enemy
 Retired priuacy, made thee to fell
 Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and deny
 To meet faire Fortune, when she came to thee.
 For neuer man did his preferment fly,
 And had it in that eminent degree,
 As thou, as if it fought thy modesty.
 For that which many, whom ambition toyles
 And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine 140

l. 128, 'eyes' ; l. 130—

' . . . held, and made thee to arise

Vnto a note more hye, which thou . . . ;

l. 413, 'quiet' accepted for *a*'s misprint 'quite;' l. 138, misprinted 'fought.'

With all their thrusts, & shouldring-plots, and wiles
 Vvas easily made thine, without thy paine.
 And without any priuate malicing
 Or publike greeuance, euery good man ioy'd
 That vertue could come cleere to any thing,
 And faire deferts to be so fairely pay'd.
 Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee
 VWere not like fortunes fauours, they could fee.
Eliza's cleere-eied iudgement is renown'd
 For making choice of thy ability: 150
 But it will euerlastingly redound
 Vnto the glory, and benignity
 Of *Britaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert
 By him aduanced for thy great desert ;
 It being the fairer worke of maiesty
 With fauour to reward, than to employ.
 And as thou saidst that naught thy heart did grieve,
 In death so much, as that time would not yeeld
 Thee meanes to shew thy zeale, that thou mightst liue
 T'haue done but one dayes seruice in the field, 160
 And that faire bed of honour died vpon,
 And with thy bloud haue feald thy gratefulnesse
 To such a royall Maister. Who had done
 So much for thee t'aduance thy seruices ;
 Which were indeed of that defeart, as they
 Might aske their grace themselues : yet do we see
 That to succeffe, desert hath not a way
 But vnder Princes that most gracious be,

l. 149, hyphen accepted from original edition ; l. 151, misprinted 're-
 bound' ; ll. 157-65 accepted and re-inserted from the original edition ;
 l. 165 in 1623 reads, 'Although thy seruices, were such as they' ; l. 166,
 'although' for 'yet do.'

For without thy great valour we had loft
 The dearest purchase euer *England* made: 170
 And made with such profuse exceeding cost
 Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade :
 As commutation paid a deerer price
 For such a peece of earth, and yet well paid
 And well aduentur'd for, with great aduice,
 And happily to our dominions laid ;
 Without which out-let, *England* thou hadst bin
 From all the rest of th'earth shut out, and pent
 Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
 Inuiron'd round with others gouernment ; 180
 Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
 Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
 For noble times, left to make all thine owne
 That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay.
 And this important peece, like t'haue beene rent
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
 As that no ioynture of the gouernment
 But shooke, no ligament, no band
 Of order and obedience, but were then
 Loose and in tottering, when the charge 190
 Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men
 Checkt by example fought to put it off.
 And he out of his natie modesty
 (As being no vndertaker) labours too
 To haue auoided that which his ability
 And *Englands Genius* would haue him do

l. 169, 'For when our kingdom stood in state t' haue loft'; l. 170, 'that it' for 'euer'; l. 171, 'And what it bought with that'; l. 173, 'As neuer nation'; misprinted 'commutation'; l. 177, 'hadst' for 'haft'—accepted; l. 180, 'Inuiron'd with incroching'; l. 183, 'least' for 'left'; l. 192, 'checkt' accepted for 'chokt' of *a*; l. 196, 'to' in error before 'do' in *a*.

Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
 For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
 As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
 Then he could haue, had there so little done. 200
 VVhose ill succeffe (confidering his great worth,
 Was such as could that mischiefe be withstood,
 It had beene wrought) did in it selfe bring forth
 Discouragement that he should do lesse good.

The state replide, it was not lookt he should
 Restore it wholly to it selfe againe,
 But only now if possible he could
 In any fashon but the same retaine
 So that it did not fall a funder quite,
 Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight. 210

With courage on he goes, doth exiquete
 With counsell, and returnes with victory ;
 But in what noble fashon he did fute
 This action, with what wit and industry,
 Is not to be disgracde in this small carde :
 It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.

l. 197, ' And did aleadge it ' ; ll. 201-4 in original edition read—

' Whose ill fucceffe (for that he knew his worth
 So great, as if there could haue beene redresse,
 He had effected it) in him brought forth
 Discouragement, that he should there do lesse.'

l. 206, ' being so dis-rent ' ; ll. 207-8—

' And only now, if possibly he could
 But hold it vp, it was sufficient '—

' sufficient ' rhyme-word to ' disrent ' in l. 206 ; l. 211, ' execute ' ; l. 212,
 ' With ' accepted for ' Which ' ; ll. 215-90 not in original edition, which
 has only the following :—

' There is no roome to place it in this streight.
 Time, and my present griefes, do disappoint

Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed
 And fecrecy he vfed to preuent
 The enemies defignes, nor with what heed
 He marcht before report, where what he ment 220
 Fame neuer knew her felfe till it was done,
 His drifts and Rumor feldome being all one ;
 Nor will this place conueniency afford
 To fhew how he, when difmall winter stormes
 Keepes peace, and makes Mars fheath his fword,
 Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes ;
 Nor how by mastring difficulties fo
 In times vnusuall, and by paffage hard
 He brauely came to difappoint his foe,
 And many times furprif'd him ynprepared. 230

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
 That famous fieg, the Mafter-worke of all,
 Where no diftreffe nor difficulties lackt
 T'affliēt his weary tyred Campe with all.
 That when inclof'd by powerfull enemies
 One either fide, with feeble troupes he lay
 Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miferies ;
 Kept waking with Alarumes night and day.
 There were, who did aduife him, to withdraw
 His army to fome place of fafe defence, 240
 From the apparent perill which they faw
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

My willingnes. Befides being of that weight
 Tis finne to place it in a narrower point,
 And better now fay nothing then to fay
 But little ; there remaines for this behind,
 A *Trophey* to b'erected that will ftay
 To all pofterityes, and keepe in minde
 That glorious worke, which did a kingdome faue,
 Kept the Crowne whole & made the Peace we haue.'

For now the Spaniard had posselt three ports
 The most important of this Ile say they,
 And fooner fresh supplyments, Spaine transports
 To them then England can to vs conuay ;
 The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd
 With some of them already, and doth stand
 Here ouer vs, with chiefeft strength combin'd
 Of all the desperate forces of the land ; 250
 And how vpon these difaduantages
 Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honour guess*.
 Th'vndaunted *Montioy* hereto answers this.

My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
 And kingdome to my faith committed is,
 And I must all I can ingeniate
 To answere for the same, and render it
 Vpon as faire a reckning as I may ;
 But if from hence I shall once stirre my feete,
 The kingdome is vndone, and lost this day. 260

All will fly thither where they find is hart,
 And feare shal haue none stand to take his part ;
 And how shal we answere our Country then
 At our returne, nay answere our owne fame ?
 Which howsoeuer we haue done like men
 Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.
 And since we here are come vnto the point
 For which we toild so much and staid so long,
 Let vs not now our trauailes disappoint
 Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong. 270
 We cannot spend our blood more worthily
 Then in so faire a cause, and if we fall

We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
 Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.
 And for my part I count the field to be
 The honourablest bed to die vpon ;
 And here your eies this day either see
 My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and foueraigne Generall

Of Hofts, makes weake to stand, the strong to
 fall. 280

With which braue resolution he so warm'd
 Their shaking courage, as they all in one
 Set to that noble worke ; which they perform'd
 As gallantly as euer men haue done.
 Of which tis better nothing now to say,
 Then say too little : For there rests behind
 A Trophey to b'erected, that will stay
 To all posterities, and keepe in minde
 That glorious act which did a kingdome saue,
 Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we
 haue. 290

And now I will omit to shew therefore,
 His management of publike busineses :
 Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
 Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages ;
 VVhich on his owne discretion did relie,
 VVherewith his spirit was furnisht happely.

Milde, affable, and easie of acceffe
 He was, but with a due referuednes :
 So that the passage to his fauours lay
 Not common to all commers, nor yet was 300

l. 291, 'here' for 'now' ; l. 292, 'bus'neses' ; ll. 285-90—see foot-note on pp. 179-80.

So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
 To such as fitly might or ought to passe :
 Nor fold he fmoke, nor tooke he vp to day
 Commodities of mens attendances,
 And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
 And intertaine them with faire promifes.
 But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
 With bufineffe, and with noife, he euer flies
 That Maze of many waies, which might disperse
 Him, into other mens vncertainties. 310
 And with a quiet calme fincerity,
 H'effects his vndertakings really.
 His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went
 One way, and kept one course with what he ment.
 He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware
 His honest inclination open fac'd,
 The friendships that he vou'd, most constant were,
 And with great iudgment, and discretion plac'd.
 And *Devonshire* thy faith hath her reward,
 Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now, 320
 After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
 Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
 That worthinesse, which merits to remaine
 Among th'examples of integrity ;
 Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
 A like regard vnto their memory.
 Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce
 To darken the bright luster of such parts ?
 Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse.
 Say what defects could weigh downe these deserts ? 330

Summon detraction, to obieſt the worſt
 That may be told, and vtter all it can.
 It cannot find a blemiſh to b'inforſt,
 Againſt him, other, then he was a man,
 And built of fleſh and blood, and did liue here
 Within the region of infirmity ;
 VVhere all perfections neuer did appeare,
 To meet in any one ſo really,
 But that his frailty euer did bewray
 Vnto the world, that he was fet in clay. 340
 But yet his vertues, and his worthineſſe
 Being ſeene ſo farre aboue his weakneſſe,
 Muſt euer ſhine, whilſt th'other vnder ground,
 With his fraile part, ſhall neuer more be found
 And *gratitude*, and *charity* I know,
 Will keepe no note, nor memory will haue,
 Of any fault committed, but will now
 Be pleaſd, to bring all within his Graue.
 Seeing only ſuch ſtand euer baſe and low
 That ſtrike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand : 350
 And as dogges bark at thoſe they do not know,
 So they at ſuch they do not vnderſtand.
 The worthier fort, who know we do not liue
 With perfect men, will neuer be ſo vnkinde ;
 They will the right to the diſceaſed giue,
 Knowing themſelues muſt likewise leaue behind,

l. 334, , for . accepted ; ll. 341-4 re-inserted and accepted from original edition ; ll. 347-8 accepted for *a's*—

' Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now
 Which ſtill will liue ; the reſt lies in his graue ' ;

l. 349, ' lie ' for ' ſtand ' ; l. 354, ' be ſo vnkinde ' accepted for ' f'vntkind ' ;

Those that will censure them. And they know how,
 The Lyon being dead euen Hares insult.
 And will not vrge a passed error now,
 Whenas he hath no party to consult, 360
 Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde :
 They rather will lament the losse they finde,
 By such a noble member of that worth,
 And know how rare the world such men brings forth.
 For neuer none had heart more truly seru'd,
 Vnder the regiment of his own care,
 And was none at command, and none obseru'd
 The coullours of that honesty he bare,
 Then that of his : who neuer more was knowne ;
 To vse immodest act, or speech obscene, 370
 Or any leuity that might haue showne,
 The touch but of a thought that was vncleane.
 So that what euer he hath done amisse,
 Was vnderneath a shape that was not knowne ;
 As *Iupiter* did no vnworthinesse,
 But was in other formes, not in his owne.
 But let it now sufficient be, that I,
 The last Scene of his act of life bewray ;
 Which giues th'applaufe to all, doth glorifie
 The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day. 380
 This action of our death especially
 Shewes all a man. Here only is he found.
 With what munition he did fortifie
 His heart, how good his furniture hath bin.
 And this did he performe in gallant wise :
 In this did he confirme his worthinesse.

I. 359, 'a passed error' accepted for 'an imperfection'; II. 365-76 re-
 inserted and accepted from original edition.

For on the morrow after the surprife
 That ficknes made on him with fierce accesse,
 He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere
 (And whose great worth was worthy so to be) 390
 How that he knew those hot diseases were
 Of that contagious force, as he did see
 That men were ouer-tumbled sudainly,
 And therefore did desire to fet a course
 And order t'his affaires as speedily ;
 As might be, ere his ficknes should grow worfe :
 And as for death, said he, I do not wey,
 I am resolu'd and ready in this case.
 It cannot come t'affright me any way,
 Let it looke neuer with so grim a face : 400
 And I will meete it smiling, for I know,
 How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
 And herein did he keepe his word. Did shew
 Indeede as he had promised in this.
 For sicknesse neuer heard him grone at all,
 Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine ;
 Which howsoever being tirannicall,
 He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine
 A louely countenance of his being well,
 And so would euer make his tongue to tell. 410
 Although the feruour of extremity,
 Which often doth throw those defences downe,
 VVhich in our health, wall in infirmity,
 Might open lay more then we would haue knowne :
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray
 Any one peece of nature ill fet in ;

1. 389—in 1607 edition here in margin 'Sir William Godolphin.'

Those lightnesfes that any thing will fay
 Could fay no ill of what they knew within ;
 Such a fure locke of filent modesty
 VVas fet in life vpon that noble heart 420
 As that no anguifh, nor extremity
 Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
 For hauing dedicated ftill the fame
 Vnto deuotion, and to facred fkill,
 That furnifh perfect held, that bleffed flame
 Continued to the laft in feruour ftill.
 And when his fpirit and tongue, no longer could
 Do any certaine feruices befide,
 Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
 VVith feruent zeale, how only he relide 430
 Vpon the merits of the precious death
 Of his redeemer ; and with rapt defires
 H'appeales to grace, his foule deliuereth
 Vnto the hand of mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that worthy, who moft vertuoufly
 And mildly liu'd, moft fweete, and mildly dy.

And thus Great Patrone of my mufe haue I
 Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd the accounts
 VVhich in my loue I owe thy memory.
 And let me fay that herein there amounts 440
 Something vnto thy fortune, that thou haft
 This monument of thee, perhaps may laft.
 Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall :
 For loe how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too, thy great deferts,
 For honour neuer brought vnworthineffe
 Further then to the graue, and there it parts
 And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.

And we do see that nettles, thiftles, brakes
(The pooreft workes of nature) tread vpon 450
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Deuonshire* thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

SAMVEL DANIELL.

l. 455, 'Samuell.'

FINIS.

VII.

CERTAIN EPISTLES.

1601-3.

NOTE.

These 'Certaine Epistles' are also found in the gift-folio of 1601, but probably like the 'Panegyrike' (which precedes them) were of later dates. They were described by the Author as 'after the manner of Horace.' A collation of the after-texts shows no various readings except slight orthographical changes. They appear in all the editions. See our Memorial-Introduction on the persons addressed. A. B. G.

TO
S^r. THOMAS EGERTON

Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great
seale of England.



Ell hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiefty,
Thy worthines, and *Englands* hap
beside,
Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of
dignity,
As th'*Isthmus*, these two Oceans to
diuide,
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncerteinty* ;
To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride, 10
That they ingulph not vp vnsuccoured right
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fastning of society,
Law ; whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with vncerteinty,
And seeme to foster rather than withstand
Contention, and embrace obscurity,
Only t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease ; 20

l. 10—1601 'fasting' (error).

As if ſhe had made couenant with Wrong,
 To part the prey made on our weakneſſes,
 And ſuffred Falſhood to be arm'd as ſtrong
 Vnto the combate, as is Righteouſneſſe,
 Or futed her, as if ſhe did belong
 Vnto our paſſions, and did euen profeſſe
 Contention, as her only myſtery,
 Which ſhe reſtraines not, but doth multiply.

Was ſhe the ſame ſh'is now in ages paſt ?
 Or was ſhe leſſe when ſhe was vſed leſſe : 30
 And growes as malice growes, and ſo comes caſt
 Juſt to the forme of our vnquietneſſe ?
 Or made more ſlow, the more that ſtrife runs faſt,
 Staying t'vndo vs ere ſhe will redreſſe ?
 That th'ill ſhe checks ſeemes ſuffred to be ill,
 When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

Muſt there be ſtill ſome diſcord mixed among
 The Harmony of men ? whoſe mood accords
 Beſt with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
 That when warre failes, peace muſt make warre with
 words, 40
 And b'arm'd vnto deſtruction euen as ſtrong,
 As were in ages paſt our ciuill ſwords ;
 Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
 That whenas fury failes, wiſdome confounds.

If it be wiſdome, and not cunning, this
 Which ſo imbroiles the ſtate of truth with brawles,
 And wraps it vp in ſtrange confuſedneſſe,
 As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls

Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarousnesse
 And forren customes, the memorialls 50
 Of our subiection, and could neuer be
 Deliu'ed but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
 Vncurious, Gentle, easie of acceffe ;
 Certaine vnto it selfe, of equall vaine,
 One face, one colour, one assurednesse :
 It's falshood that is intricate and vaine,
 And needes these labyrinths of subtlenesse :
 For where the cunningst cou'rings most appeare,
 It argues still that all is not sincere. 60

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discries
 Great *Keeper* of the state of Equity,
 Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies
 The succour of oppressed misery ;
 Altar of safegard, whereto affliction flies
 From th'eager pursuit of seuerity ;
 Hauen of peace, that labour'ft to withdraw
 Iustice from out the tempests of the Law.

And fet her in a calme and euen way,
 Plaine, and directly leading to redresse, 70
 Barring these counter-courses of delay,
 These waisting dilatory processe :
 Ranging into their right and proper ray,
 Errors, demurs, effoines, and trauerfes ;
 The heads of *Hydra* springing out of death,
 That giues this monster, Malice, still new breath.

That what was made for the vtility
 And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
 To make him worfer by his remedy,
 And cast him downe, with what should him support: 80
 Nor that the state of Law might lose thereby
 The due respect, and reu'ence of her port;
 And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
 And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
 Vnto a like infinity arise,
 As being a Science, that by nature breeds
 Contention, strife, and ambiguities:
 For altercation controuersie feeds,
 And in her agitation multiplies: 90
 The field of *Cauill* lying all like wide,
 Yeelds like aduantage vnto either fide.

Which made the graue Castillian king deuise
 A prohibition, that no Aduocate
Ferdinand Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,
king of Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,
Castile (1601.) Left their new setting, shaken with debate,
 Might take but slender root, and so not rise
 To any perfect grow'th of firme estate:
 For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
 Th'vnnourisht strife wold quickly make an end. 100

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw
 These great Italian Bartolists, who were
The king of Call'd in of purpose to explaine the Law,
Hungarie. T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere;

Cauf'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw
 With this infeftious ſkill, ſome other-where : *Difficultatem*
 Whoſe learning, rather let men farther out, *facit doctrina.*
 And opened wider paſſages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniuſtice may be regulare,
 And no proportion can there be betwixt 110
 Our aſtions, which in endleſſe motion are,
 And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt;
 Ten thouſand lawes more can not reach ſo far,
 But malice goes beyond, or liues immixt
 So cloſe with goodneſſe, as it euer will
 Corrupt, diſguiſe, or counterfet it ſtill.

And therefore did thoſe glorious Monarchs, (who
 Diuide with God the ſtile of Maieſty
 For being good, and had a care to do
 The world right, and ſuccour honeſty) 120
 Ordaine this ſanctuary, whereunto
 Th'oppreſt might flie, this ſeat of Equity ;
 Whereon thy vertues ſit with faire renowne,
 The greateſt grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which *Equity*, being the ſoule of law,
 The life of iuſtice, and the ſpirit of right,
 Dwell's not in written lines, or liues in awe
 Of bookes : deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor fight
 But out of well-weigh'd circumſtance doth draw
 The eſſence of a iudgement requiſit ; 130
 And is that Lesbian ſquare, that building fit,
 Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining still an equall paralell,
 Iust with th'occasions of humanity ;
 Making her iudgement euer liable
 To the respect of peace and amity ;
 When surely *Law*, sterne, and vnaffable,
 Cares only but it selfe to satisfie :
 And often innocencies scarce defends,
 As that which on no circumstance depends. 140

But *Equity*, that beares an euen raine
 Vpon the present courses, holds in aw,
 By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine
 By a gentle relaxation of the law ;
 And yet inuiolable doth maintaine
 The end whereto all constitutions draw ;
 Which is the well-fare of society,
 Consisting of an vpright policy :

Which first being by necessity compos'd,
Necessitas est Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate ; 150
lex temporis. Where, whenas iustice shall be ill dispos'd,
 It sickens the whole body of the State :
 For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
 That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate
 Which serues for Right, clad in a coate of Law,
 What violent distempers may it draw :

And therefore do'st thou stand to keepe the way,
 And stop the course that malice seekes to run,
 And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* stay
 This neuer ending Altercation ; 160

Sending contention home, to the end men may
 There make their peace whereas their strife begun,
 And free these pestred streets they vainely weare,
 Whom both the state, and theirs, do need elsewhere.

Left th'humor which doth thus predominate
 Conuert vnto it selfe all that it takes ;
 And that the law grow larger than debate,
 And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes :
 As if the only Science of the State
 That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes ; 170
 Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
 Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What shall we thinke whenas ill causes shall
 Inrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
 Than good, as farre more beneficiall ?
 Who then defends the good ? Who will be hir'd
 To entertaine a right, whose gaine is small ?
 Vnlesse the Aduocate that hath conspir'd
 To plead a wrong, be likewise made to runne
 His Clients chance, and with him be vndone. 180

*A Remedie for
 defending ill
 causes.*

So did the wisest nations euer striue
 To binde the hands of Iustice vp so hard,
 That lest she falling to proue Lucratiue
 Might basely reach them out to take reward :
 Ordaining her prouisions fit to liue
 Out of the publike, as a publike guard
 That all preferues, and all doth entertaine,
 Whose end is only glory, and not gaine.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
 Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular, 190
 Was pleas'd to put it selfe into her hand,
 Whereby they both grew more admired far.
 And this is that great bleffing of this land,
 That both the Prince and people vse one Barre ;
 The Prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
 Is neuer bad but where himselfe is good.

This is that ballance which committed is
 To thy most euen and religious hand,
 Great Minister of Iustice, who by this
 Shalt haue thy name still gracious in this land : 200
 This is that seale of pow'r which doth impresse
 Thy acts of right, which shall for euer stand :
 This is that traine of State, that pompously
 Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignity.

All glory els besides ends with our breath,
 And mens respects, scarce brings vs to our graue :
 But this of doing good, must out liue Death,
 And haue a right out of the right it gaue :
 Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
 Thousands, that shall thereby a bleffing haue. 210
 The worlds respect growes not but on defarts,
 Pow'r may haue knees, but iustice hath our hearts.

TO
THE LORD HENRIE
HOWARD, one of his Maiesties

Priny Councell.



Raife, if it be not choice, and layd aright,
Can yeeld no lustre where it is be-
stow'd,
Nor any way can grace the giuers
Art,
(Tho'it be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can
be shew'd

Will beare it well, but Vertue and Defart. 10

And though I might commend your learning, wit, 5
And happy vttrance ; and commend them right, A
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace, E
Yet your cleere iudgement best deserueth it ; D
Which in your course hath carried you vpright, 10
And made you to discerne the truest face, C

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men ;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which euer in the end we see succeed ; 20

Though oft it may haue interrupted beene
Both by the times and mens iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most cleane and safest to their end,
And passe the best without confusion,
Either in those that act or els dispose,
Hauing the scope made cleere, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the passage of affaires, 30
As that they feldome fairely can get out ;
But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toyle,
Whil'st doubt and the distrust'd cause impaires
Their courage, who would els appeare more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Haue diuers doores whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int'any course, and into eu'ry way
Of humor that affection turnes about ;
Yet haue the best but one t'haue passage by, 40

And that so surely warded with the gard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Haue course that way, but with the certaine passe
Of a perswasive right ; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answere iust,
And so with due examination passe.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are meere religious, constant and vpright,
And bring the ablest hands for any effect,
And best beare vp the reputation, fame, 50
And good opinion, that the action's right
When th'vndertakers are without suspect :

But when the body of an enterprize
Shall go one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker trust,
The motion being monstrous, can not rise
To any good, but falls downe to bewray,
That all pretences serue for things vniust ;

Especially where th'action will allow
Apparency, or that it hath a course 60
Concentrike with the vniuerfall frame
Of men combin'd ; whom it concerneth how
These motions runne, and entertaine their force ;
Hauing their being resting on the same.

And be it, that the vulgar are but grosse,
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes gesse the right, and do conceiue
The nature of that text that needs a glosse,
And wholly neuer can deluded be :
All may a few, few cannot all deceiue. 70

And these strange disproportions in the traine
And course of things doe euermore proceed
From th'ill-fet disposition of their mindes,
Who in their actions cannot but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which doe within them breed,
And which they cannot shew but in their kindes.

Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light
So fort with valour and with manlinesse,
As that they carry things assuredlie
Vndazling of their owne or others fight : 80
There being a blessing that doth giue successe
To worthinesse and vnto constancie.

And though sometimes th'euent may fall amisse,
Yet shall it still haue honour for th'attempt,

When craft begins with feare and ends with fhame,
And in the whole defigne perplexed is ;
Vertue, though luckleffe, yet fhall fcape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it fhall haue fame.

TO
THE LADIE MARGARET

Countesse of Cumberland.



HE that of such a height hath built his
minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his
thoughts so strong,
As neither feare nor hope can shake
the frame
Of his resolu'd pow'r's, nor all the
winde

Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His setled peace, or to disturbe the fame ;
What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may 10
The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man suruay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle !
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
On flesh and bloud ; where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle ;
Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme
To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He looks vpon the mightiest Monarchs warres 20
But onely as on stately robberies ;
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Must be the right ; the ill-succeeding marres

The faireſt and the beſt-fac't enterprize :
 Great Pirat *Pompey* leſſer Pirats quailles ;
Iuſtice, he ſees, as if ſeduced, ſtill
 Conſpires with pow'r, whoſe cauſe muſt not be ill.

He ſees the face of *Right* t'apppeare as manifolde
 As are the paſſions of vncertaine man ;
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires, 30
 To ſerue his ends and make his courſes holde :
 He ſees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
 Plot and contriue baſe wayes to high defires ;
 That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
 All diſappoint, and mocks this ſmoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
 Of Tyrants threats, or with the ſurly brow
 Of power, that proudly fits on others crimes,
 Charg'd with more crying finnes then thoſe he checks ;
 The ſtormes of ſad confuſion, that may grow 40
 Vp in the preſent, for the comming times,
 Appall not him, that hath no fide at all
 But of himſelfe, and knowes the worſt can fall.

Although his heart ſo neere allied to earth,
 Cannot but pittie the perplexed State
 Of troublous and diſtreſt mortalitie,
 That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
 Of their owne ſorrowes, and doe ſtill beget
 Affliction vpon imbecillitie :
 Yet ſeeing thus the courſe of things muſt runne, 50
 He lookes thereon, not ſtrange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
 And is incompast ; whilst as craft deceives
 And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransacke man,
 And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse ;
 And th'inheritance of desolation leaves
 To great expecting hopes ; he looks thereon
 As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
 And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd 60
 A rest for his desires, and sees all things
 Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
 Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
 The best of glory with her sufferings:
 By whom I see you labour all you can
 To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
 His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned
 By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you
 Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde, 70
 As they can stand against the strongest head
 Passion can make ; inur'd to any hue
 The world can cast ; that cannot cast that minde
 Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
 Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls ,
 You in the region of your selfe remaine ;
 Where no vaine breath of th'impudent molests,
 That hath secur'd within the brazen walles

Of a cleere conscience, that without all stain
Rises in peace, in innocencie rests ;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours. 80

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vse to doe ; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
Then being pursu'd : leauing to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines ; wherein you show
How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
Base malediction, liuing in the darke, 90
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These reuolutions of disturbances
Still roule ; where all th'aspects of miserie
Predominate ; whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse ;
And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man !

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie 100
With earth, and cannot lift themselues from thence ;
That neuer are at peace with their desires,
But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
With death : that when ability expires,
Desire liues still : so much delight they haue
To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
 They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe
 And reckonings of their glory ; and you know 110
 This floting life hath but this Port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come : —
 And that mans greatnesse rests but in his shew ;
 The best of all whose dayes consumed are
 Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
 Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
 Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst
 To put it out, by discords most vnkinde ;
 Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand 120
 With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
 From that most sweet accord, but still agree
 Equall in Fortunes inequality.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse
 Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
 As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
 In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse ;
 You that haue built you by your great deserts,
 Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
 And glorious dwelling for your honoured name 130
 Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

S. D.

TO
THE LADIE LVCIE

Countesse of Bedford.



Hough vertue be the fame when low
she stands,
In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie,
As when she either sweats in martiall
bands,
Or sits in Court clad with authoritie ;
Yet, Madam, doth the strictnesse of
her roome

Greatly detract from her abilitie :
For as in-wall'd within a liuing tombe, 10
Her hands and armes of action, labour not ;
Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,
Come neuer borne, though happily begot,
But where she hath mounted in open fight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got.
Where shee may stirre at will, and vse her might,
There is she more her selfe, and more her owne ;
There in the faire attire of honor dight,
She fits at ease and makes her glory knowne :
Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace, 20
Her worth new-borne is strait as if full growne.

With such a godly and respected face
Doth vertue looke, that's set to looke from hie ;
And such a faire aduantage by her place
Hath state and greatnesse to doe worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby :
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so faire, so faire so good a guest ;
Who now remaines as blessed in her seat, 30
As you are with her residence blest.
And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest,
Is th'only certaine way that you can go
Vnto true glory, to true happinesse :
All passages on earth besides, are so
Incumbred with such vaine disturbances ;
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with apparances ;
And no key had you else that was so fit 40
T'vnlocke that prison of your sex, as this,
To let you out of weaknesse, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
That sets you there where you may ouer-see
This rowling world, and view it as it is ;
And apprehend how th'outfides doe agree
With th'inward, being of the things we deeme
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value and of best esteeme ;
Since all the good we haue rests in the minde, 50
By whose proportions onely we redeeme
Our thoughts from out confusion, and doe finde
The measure of our selues, and of our pow'rs ;

And that all happineſſe remaines confinde
 Within the Kingdome of this breaft of ours :
 Without whoſe boundes all that we looke on lies
 In others iuriſdictions, others pow'rs,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 All glory, honor, fame, applauſe, renowne,
 Are not belonging to our royalties, 60
 But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne :
 And that vnleſſe we find vs all within,
 We neuer can without vs be our owne,
 Nor call it right our life that we liue in :
 But a poſſeſſion held for others uſe,
 That ſeeme to haue moſt int'reſt therein ;
 Which we doe ſo diſſeuer, part, traduce,
 Let out to cuſtome, faſhion, and to ſhew,
 As we enioy but onely the abuſe,
 And haue no other deed at all to ſhew. 70
 How oft are we conſtrained to appeare
 With other countenance then that we owe,
 And be our ſelues farre off, when we are neere !
 How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart
 To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere ;
 Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,
 To beare a part of others weakenefſes !
 As if we onely were compoſ'd by Art,
 Not Nature, and did all our deeds addreſſe
 T'opinion, not t'a conſcience, what is right : 80
 As fram'd b'example, not aduifedneſſe,
 Into thoſe formes that entertaine our ſight.
 And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde
 Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,
 Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,

And touch it fo, as-that it turnes that way

Where iudgement lies : and though we cannot find

The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay

And entertaine vs neere about the fame ;

And giue the foule the best delight that may 90

Encheere it most, and most our spirits inflame

To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends :

And therefore in a course that best became

The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends

Your worthy pow'rs, you run the rightest way

That is on earth, that can true glory giue ;

By which when all consumes, your fame shal liue.

TO
THE LADIE ANNE
Clifford.



Nto the tender youth of those faire eies
The light of iudgement can arise but
new ;
And yong the world appeares t'a
yong conceit,
Whil'ft thorow the vnacquainted
faculties

The late inuefted foule doth rawly view
Those obiefts which on that difcretion wait.

Yet you that fuch a faire aduantage haue 10
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,
And be before your yeeres, can fairely gueffe
What hue of life holdes fureft without ftaine ;
Hauing your well-wrought heart full furnifh't fo
With all the images of worthineffe,

As there is left no roome at all t'inueft
Figures of other forme but fanctitie :
Whilft yet thofe cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies reft ;
Where are no motions of deformitie, 20
Nor any doore at all to let them in.

With fo great care doth ſhe, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne

That better part, the mansion of your minde,
 With all the richest furniture of worth ;
 To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
 And set your vertues equall to your kinde.

She tels you how that honour onely is
 A goodly garment put on faire defarts ;
 Wherein the smallest staine is greatest seene, 30
 And that it cannot grace vnworthinesse ;
 But more apparant shewes defectiue parts,
 How gay foeuer they are deckt therein.

She tels you too, how that it bounded is,
 And kept inclosed with so many eies,
 As that it cannot stray and breake abroad
 Into the priuate wayes of carelesnesse ;
 Nor euer may descend to vulgarize,
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like to those supernall bodies set 40
 Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course
 Of order, destin'd to their proper place ;
 Which onely doth their note of glory get.
 Th'irregular apparances inforce

A short respect, and perish without grace :
 Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,
 Blazing but while their dying matters last :
 Nor can we take the iust height of the minde,
 But by that order which her course doth shew,
 And which such splendor to her actions giues ; 50
 And thereby men her eminencie finde,
 And thereby onely doe attaine to know
 The Region, and the Orbe wherein she liues.

For low in th'aire of grosse vncertaintie
 Confusion onely rowles, order fits hie.

And therefore since the dearest thinge on earth,
 This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame
 From th'heau'nly order, which begets respect ;
 And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth,
 Haue therein highly interplac'd your name, 60
 You may not runne the least course of neglect,

For where, not to obserue, is to prophane
 Your dignity ; how carefull must you be
 To be your selfe ? And though you may to all
 Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine
 The best effects of your benignitie :
 Nor must your common graces cause to fall
 The price of your esteeme t'a lower rate,
 Then doth besit the pitch of your estate.

Nor may you build on your sufficiencie, 70
 For in our strongest parts we are but weake ;
 Nor yet may ouermuch distrust the same :
 Left that you come to checke it so thereby,
 As silence may become worfe then to speake ;
Though silence women neuer ill became.

And none we see were euer ouerthrowne
 By others flattery more then by their owne.
 For though we liue amongst the tongues of praise,
 And troopes of smoothing people that collaud
 All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts 80
 Th'ambushment lies, that euermore betraies
 Our iudgements, when our selues be come t'applaud
 Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.

So that we must not onely fence this fort
 Of ours, against all others fraud, but most
 Against our owne ; whose danger is the most,
 Because we lie the neereft to doe hurt,

And soon't deceiue our felues, and soon't are lost
By our best pow'rs, that doe vs most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must conuay 90
(If God so please) the honourable bloud
Of *Clifford*, and of *Russell*, led aright
To many worthy stems ; whose offspring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew f'vpright ;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatnesse more
Then th'Ancestors faire glory gone before. 97

l. 89 misprinted 'transpord' in 1623 4to.

TO
HENRY VVRIOTHESLY

Earle of *Southampton*.

Non fert vllum ictum illæsa felicitas.



E who hath neuer warr'd with miserie,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and
distresse,
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to
trie
The strength and forces of his worthi-
nesse :

Those parts of iudgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse ; 10
And onely men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene vndone ;
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame, then thy best fortunes could haue done ;
For euer, by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration.
And all the faire examples of renowe
Out of distresse and miserie are growne. 20

Mutius the fire, the tortures *Regulus*,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,
Exile renown'd, and grac'd *Rutilius* ;
Imprisonment and poyson did reueale

The worth of *Socrates* ; *Fabritius*
 Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
 More then all *Syllaes* riches, got with strife ;
 And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappyneffe ;
 And misery not t'haue knowne miserie : 30
 For the best way vnto discretion, is
 The way that leades vs by aduersitie.
 And men are better shew'd what is amisse,
 By th'expert finger of calamitie,
 Then they can be with all that Fortune brings ;
 Who neuer shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st haue indur'd
 With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace ;
 And with a heart and countenance assur'd
 Haue lookt sterne death and horror in the face ! 40
 How should we know thy soule had beene secur'd
 In honest counsels and in way vnbase !
 Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou wert,
 By thy affliction, that discr'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempest that doth shew
 The Sea-mans cunning ; but the field that tries
 The Captaines courage : and we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worst ieopardies :
 For lo, how many haue we seene to grow
 To high renowne from lowest miseries, 50
 Out of the hands of death, and many a one
 T'haue beene vndone, had they not beene vndone.

He that indures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth' from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his miserie :
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie :
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts
God sets to act the hardest and constant't parts. 60

S. D.

VIII.

Mufophilus, or Defence of all Learning.

1602-3.

NOTE.

In the 1601 gift-folio, again, 'Musophilus' is found with this title (undated) :—

A

Defence of Ryme
Against a Pamphlet entitled

*Obferuations in the Art of
English Poesie.*

Wherein is demonſtratiuely proved,
that Ryme is the fitteſt harmony
of words that comportes
with our language.

By Sa. D.

At London

Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount*.

As Dr. Thomas Campion's 'Obferuations' did not appear until 1602, the 'Defence' cannot have been printed sooner than 1602-3. A collation of the after-texts yields no various readings save slight orthographical changes. See our Memorial-Introduction on 'Musophilus,' and Daniel's prose 'Defence' (in his Prose Works). The general title was thus altered later.

Musophilus :

Containing

*A General Defence
of Learning.*

In the 4to of 1623 and elsewhere the placing of the stanzas is irregular (from p. 248, l. 717) ; all have been made uniform, *i.e.*, 8 lines each, with first line projecting instead of a line projecting and two lines ; also l. 728 a misprint 'temp'ring' corrected by 'tamp'ring.' G.

To the right VVorthy and Iudicious
Fauorer of Vertue, Master
Fulke Greuill.



*Doe not here vpon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed Verse, apparelled
With others passions, or with others
rage ;*

*With loues, with wounds, with factions
furnished :*

*But here present thee, onely modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart :
Where, to reuiue my selfe, my Muse is led* 10
With motions of her owne, t'aſt her owne part ;

*Striuing to make her now condemned Art,
As faire t'her selfe as poſſibly ſhe can ;
Leſt, ſeeming of no force, of no deſert,
She might repent the courſe that ſhe began ;
And, with theſe times of diſſolution, fall
From Goodneſſe, Vertue, Glory, Fame and all.* 17

MVSOPHILVS

Containing,

*A generall Defence of all
Learning.*

Philocosmus.



And man *Musophilus*, that thus doſt
ſpend,

In an vngainefull Arte thy deereſt
dayes,

Tyring thy wits, and toyling to no end,
But to attaine that idle ſmoake of
Praiſe :

Now when this buſie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely Muſicke of neglected layes.

10

Other delights then theſe, other deſires
This wiſer profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confeſſe indeede,
I loue this ſacred Arte thou ſett'ſt ſo light,
And though it neuer ſtand my life in ſteede,
It is enough, it giues my ſelfe delight ;
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede
On no vnholſy thoughts for benefit.

20

Be it, that my vnseasonable Song

Come out of time ; that fault is in the Time,
And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong,
As loue her aught the worfe for others crime :
And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,
That cherish me, and like, and grace my Rime.

Againe, that I doe more in Soule esteeme,
Then all the gaine of dust the world doth craue :

And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme
My name from Diffolution and the Graue ; 30
I shall haue done enough, and better deeme
T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue.

Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend

That spanne of life so farre forth as it may,
And robbe her Fate ; seeke to beguile her end
Of some few lingring dayes of after-stay,
That all this little All, might not descend
Into the darke, a vniuerfall pray.

And giue our labours yet this poore delight,
That when our daies doe end, they are not done : 40
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philocosmus.

Silly desires of felse-abusing man,

Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,
That hauing done the vttermost he can,
Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire :
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire.

And what art thou the better, thus to leaue 50
 A multitude of words to small effect,
 Which other times may scorne, and so deceiue
 Thy promis'd name, of what thou dost expect?
 Besides, some viperous Criticke may bereaue
 Th'opinion of thy worth for some defect;
 And get more reputation of his wit,
 By, but controlling of some word or fence,
 Then thou shalt honour for contriuing it,
 With all thy trauell, care and diligence;
 Being Learning now enough to contradict, 60
 And censure others with bold insolence.
 Besides, so many so confusedly sing,
 Whose diuerse discords haue the Musicke mar'd,
 And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,
 That he must sing alowd that will be heard:
 And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
 For some vnhalloved string that vildely iar'd,
 Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
 That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine,
 Is held but vaine; and his vnreckned pen 70
 The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.
 A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,
 That thought to get Eternitie the while.
 And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne course
 Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
 To fit the times with what is most in force;
 Be new with mens affections that are new;
 Striue not to runne an idle counter-course,
 Out from the scent of humours, men allow.
 For not discreetly to compose our partes 80
 Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)

Is to put off our selues, and make our Artes
 Rebels to Nature and Societie ;
 Whereby we come to burie our defarts,
 In th'obscure graue of Singularitie.

Mvsophilus.

DOe not prophane the worke of doing well,
 Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie
 From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell
 The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth descrie ; 90
 That ouer-lookes the base contemptibly,
 And low-laid follies of Mortalitie :
 Nor mete out Truth and right-discerning Praise,
 By that wrong measure of Confusion,
 The vulgar foote ; that neuer takes his wayes
 By Reason, but by Imitation,
 Rowling on with the rest ; and neuer weighs
 The course which he should goe, but what is gone.
 Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the most
 Did like, were best : But Ignorance will liue 100
 By others square, as by example lost :
 And man to man must th'hand of Errour giue
 That none can fall alone, at their owne cost ;
 And all, because men iudge not, but beleue.
 For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth
 bounds ;
 What is their end whereto their care attaines,
 When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,
 Hauing but trauell to succede their paines ?
 What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds
 Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines ? 110

Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, ioyning to,
 Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
 Repaying, altring, and so much adoe,
 To his foules toyle, and bodies traueilling :
 And all this doth he, little knowing who
 Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.
 And his faire house raif'd hie in Enuies eie ;
 Whose Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,
 The spoyles and pillage of Iniquitie :
 Who can assure it to continue long ? 120
 If Rage spar'd not the walles of Pietie,
 Shall the prophaneft pyles of finne keepe strong ?
 How many proud aspiring Pallaces
 Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride ;
 Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnesse ;
 Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
 Or ciuill tumults, or an orderlesse
 Order, pretending change of some strong fide ?
 Then where is that proud Title of thy name,
 Written in yce of melting vanitie ? 130
 Where is thine heire left to possesse the fame ?
 Perhaps, not so well as in beggarie.
 Something may rise to be beyond the shame
 Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie.
 Which I confesse, although I often striue
 To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
 In all the fairest colours I can giue :
 Yet for all that, me thinkes she lookes but ill.
 I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue
 Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will. 140
 Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint
 Holdes goodnesse in, which loose wealth would let flie ;

And fruitlesse riches barriner then want,
 Brings forth small worth from idle Libertie :
 Which when Diforders shall againe make scant,
 It must refetch her state from Pouertie.
 But yet in all this interchange of all,
 Vertue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast :
 For what high races hath there come to fall,
 With low disgrace, quite vanifhed and past, 150
 Since *Chaucer* liu'd ; who yet liues, and yet shall,
 Though (which I grieue to say) but in his last.
 Yet what a time hath he wrested from Time,
 And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,
 Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime !
 That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Bayes ;
 Vnto the sacred Relickes of whose rime,
 We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise ?
 And, could our lines, begotten in this age,
 Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeares, 160
 And scape the fury of that threatning rage,
 Which in confused cloudes gastyly appeares ;
 Who would not straine his trauels to ingage,
 When such true glory should succcede his cares ?
 But whereas he came planted in the Spring,
 And had the Sunne, before him, of Respect :
 We, fet in th'Autumne, in the withering
 And fullen feason of a cold defect,
 Must taste those fowre distasts the times do bring
 Vpon the fulnesse of a cloy'd Neglect ; 170
 Although the stronger constitutions shall
 Weare out th'infection of distempred dayes,
 And come with glory to out-lieue this fall :
 Recou'ring of another springing of Praise,

Cleer'd from th'oppressing humours wherewithall
 The Idle multitude surcharge their laies.
 Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
 May liue, the speaking picture of the minde ;
 The extraet of the foule, that laboured, how
 To leaue the Image of herselfe behinde ; 180
 Wherein Posteritie, that loue to know
 The iust proportion of our Spirits, may finde.
 For these Lines are the veines, the arteries,
 And vndecaying life-strings of those harts
 That still shall pant, and still shall exercize
 The motion, spirit and Nature both imparts ;
 And shall, with those aliue so sympathize,
 As, nourisht with their powers, inioy their parts.
 O blessed Letters, that combine in one,
 All Ages past, and make one liue with all : 190
 By you, we doe conferre with who are gone,
 And, the dead-liuing vnto Councell call :
 By you, th'vnborne shall haue communion
 Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.
 Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
 What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is ?
 Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
 To be forgot ? What good is like to this,
 To doe worthy the writing, and to write
 Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight ? 200
 And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,
 Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
 That neuer read t'obserue, but to disgrace ;
 Raife all the tempest of their powre, to blame.
 That puffe of folly neuer can deface,
 The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.

Yet why should ciuill Learning seeke to wound
 And mangle her owne members with despight?
 Prodigious wits, that study to confound
 The life of wit, to seeme to know aright, 210
 As if themfelues had fortunately found
 Some stand from off the earth beyond our fight;
 Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue,
 Their grace is not to worke, but to reprove.
 But how came they plac'd in so high degree
 Aboue the reach and compasse of the rest?
 Who hath admitted them onely to be
 Free-denizons of skill, to iudge the best?
 From whom the world as yet could neuer see
 The warrant of their wit soundly exprest. 220
 T'acquaint our times with that perfection
 Of high conceipt, which onely they possesse;
 That we might haue things exquisitely done,
 Measur'd with all their strict obseruances:
 Such would (I know) scorne a Translation,
 Or bring but others labours to the Presse:
 Yet, oft these monster-breeding mountaines will
 Bring forth small Mice of great expected skill.
 Presumption euer fullest of defects,
 Failes, in the doing, to performe her part: 230
 And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects,
 Of such indeede as doe condemne this Arte:
 But let them rest, it euer hath beene knowne,
 They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne.
 And for the diuers disagreeing cordes
 Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill
 The dainty eares, and leaue no roome for words,
 The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will:

Knowing the best he hath, he frankly foordes,
 And scornes to be a niggard of his skill. 240
 And that the rather, since this short-liu'd race,
 Being fatall the sonnes but of one day;
 That now with all their powre plie it apace,
 To hold out with the greatest might they may,
 Against Confusion, that hath all in chace,
 To make of all, an vniuerfall pray.
 For now great Nature hath laid downe at last
 That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went,
 And ouer-went the times of ages past,
 Here to lye in, vpon our soft content : 250
 Where fruitfull she, hath multiplyed so fast,
 That all she hath, on these times seem'd t'haue spent.
 All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
 Is borne in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
 Where Plenty hath imprest a deepe distast,
 Of best and worst, and all in generall:
 That Goodnesse seemes Goodnesse to haue defac't,
 And Vertue hath to Vertue giuen the fall.
 For Emulation, that proude nurse of Wit,
 Scorning to stay below or come behinde, 260
 Labours vpon that narrow top to fit
 Of sole Perfection in the highest kinde:
 Enuy and Wonder looking after it,
 Thrust likewise, on the selfesame blisse to finde:
 And so, long struiuing, till they can no more,
 Doe stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out;
 Who, doubting to ouertake those gone before,
 Giue vp their care, and cast no more about:
 And so in scorne, leaue all as fore possesst,
 And will be none, where they may not be best. 270

Eu'n like some empty Creeke, that long hath laine,
 Left or neglected of the Riuer by,
 Whose searching fides, pleas'd with a wandring vaine,
 Finding some little way that close did lie ;
 Steale in at first, then other streames againe
 Second the first, then more then all supply ;
 Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at last,
 The glory of his chiefeſt powre that way ;
 Plying this newfound pleasant roome ſo faſt,
 Till all be full, and all be at a ſtay : 280
 And then about, and backe againe doth caſt,
 Leauing that full to fall another way :
 So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore
 Rapt with the current of a preſent courſe,
 Runnes into that which lay contemn'd before :
 Then glutted, leaues the ſame, and falles t'a worſe :
 Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,
 Then cold in ſpirit, and faith is of no force.
 Strait, all that holy was, vnhalloved lies,
 The ſcattered carcasses of ruin'd vowes : 290
 Then Truth is falſe, and now hath Blindneſſe eies,
 Then Zeale truſts all, now ſcarcely what it knowes :
 That euermore, to fooliſh or to wiſe,
 It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhowes.
 Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
 How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou fit deckt ?
 What pompous veſtures doe we make thee weare ?
 What ſtately piles we prodigall erect ?
 How ſweet perfum'd thou art, how ſhining cleare ?
 How ſolemnely obſeru'd, with what reſpect ? 300

1. 280, 'ſolempnly' 1601 ; 1. 289, miſprinted 'vnhalloved.'

Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,
 Thou must haue all within, and nought without ;
 Sit poorely without light, difrob'd, no care
 Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout ;
 Powrelesse, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to fet thee out.
 Either Truth, Goodnesse, Vertue are not still
 The selfesame which they are, and alwayes one,
 But alter to the proiect of our will,
 Or we, our actions make them waite vpon, 310
 Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
 And cast them off againe when we haue done.
 You mightie Lords, that with respected grace
 Doe at the sterne of faire example stand,
 And all the body of this populace
 Guide with the turning of your hand ;
 Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,
 Obserue the poynt of glory to our land :
 Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
 Keepe Vertue in request, giue Worth her due, 320
 Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound
 So faire a good, to bring in night anew.
 Be not, O be not accessary found
 Vnto her death, that must giue life to you.
 Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laide ?
 In gorgeous Tombes, in sacred Cels secure ?
 Doe you not see those prostrate heapes betraide
 Your fathers bones, and could not keep them sure ?
 And will you trust deceitfull stones faire laide,
 And thinke they will be to your honour truer ? 330

No, no, vnſparing Time will proudly fend
 A warrant vnto Wrath ; that with one frowne
 Will all theſe mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend,
 And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne ;
 Poore idle honours that can ill defend
 Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne.
 And whereto ſerue that wondrous *Trophei* now,
 That on the goodly Plaine neere *Wilton* ſtands ?
 That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how,
 Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whoſe hands, 340
 Nor for whoſe glory, it was ſet to ſhew
 How much our pride mocks that of other lands ?
 Whereon, whenas the gazing paſſenger
 Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
 And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
 How there erected, and how long agoe :
 Enquires, and aſkes his fellow traueſler,
 What he hath heard, and his opinion :
 And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe,
 And lookes, and ſighs, and then admires afreſh, 350
 And in himſelfe with ſorrow doth complaine
 The miſery of darke Forgetfulneſſe :
 Angry with Time that nothing ſhould remaine
 Our greateſt wonders wonder, to expreſſe
 Then Ignorance, with fabulous diſcourſe,
 Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,
 Tels, how thoſe ſtones, were by the Deuils force,
 From *Affrike* brought to *Ireland* in a night,
 And thence, to *Britannie*, by Magicke courſe,
 From Gyants hands redeem'd, by *Merlins* ſleight. 360
 And then neere *Ambri* plac'd, in memorie
 Of all thoſe noble Britons murdered there,

By *Hengiſt* and his Saxon trecherie,
 Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.
 With this old Legend then Credulitie
 Holdes her content, and cloſes vp her care :
 But is Antiquitie ſo great a liar ?
 Or, doe her yonger ſonnes her age abuſe,
 Seeing after-commers ſtill, ſo apt t'admire
 The graue authoritie that ſhe doth uſe, 370
 That reuerence and Reſpect dares not require
 Prooſe of her deedes, or once her words reſuſe ?
 Yet wrong they did vs, to preſume ſo far,
 Vpon our eaſie credit and delight :
 For, once found falſe, they ſtrait became to mar
 Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,
 That now her truths hardly beleeued are :
 And though ſh'auouch the right, ſhe ſcarce hath right.
 And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
 That ſtands corrupted ſo with times deſpight, 380
 And giu'ſt falſe euidence, againſt their fame
 That ſet thee there, to teſtifie their right ;
 And art become a Traitour to their name
 That truſted thee with all the beſt they might.
 Thou ſhalt ſtand ſtill belide, and ſlaundered,
 The onely gazing-ſtocke of Ignorance ;
 And by thy guile, the wiſe admoniſhed,
 Shall neuer more deſire ſuch heapes t'aduance ;
 Nor truſt their liuing glory with the dead
 That cannot ſpeake, but leaue their fame to Chance :
 Conſidering in how ſmall a roome doe lie, 391
 And yet lie faſe, as freſh as if aliue,
 All thoſe great worthies of antiquitie ;
 Which long foreliu'd thee, and ſhall long ſuruiue ;

Who stronger tombes found for Eternitie,
 Then could the powres of all the earth contriue.
 Where they remaine these trifles to obraid
 Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage ;
 Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid
 Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age, 400
 Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide
 And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.
 Pleading the Heau'ns prescription to be free,
 And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as hee.

Philocosmus.

BEholde how euery man, drawne with delight
 Of what he doth, flatters him in his way ;
 Striuing to make his course seeme onely right
 Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray :
 Imagination bringing brauely dight, 410
 Her pleasing Images in best aray.
 With flattering glassees that must shew him faire,
 And others foule : his skill and wit best,
 Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their :
 His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest.
 Not seeing how these Minions in the aire
 Present a face of things falsely exprest,
 And that the glimmering of these errours showne,
 Are but a light, to let him see his owne.
 Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome, 420
 As an incaged Parrot art thou pent
 Here amongst vs, where, euen as good be dombe
 As speake, and to be heard with no attent ?
 How can you promise of the time to come,
 Whenas the present are so negligent ?

Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
 This litle Point, this scarce discerned Ile,
 Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vnknowne
 Made neuer any traffike of our Stile ?
 And in this All, where all this care is showne, 430
 T'inchant your fame to last so long a while ?
 And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much,
 Thinke you to make your barbarous language such ?
 Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
 That cannot promise any forraine vent :
 And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous vaines
 Were generally knowne, it might content :
 But loe, how many reades not, or disdaines
 The labour of the chiefe and excellent ?
 How many thousands neuer heard the name 440
 Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their Bookes ?
 And yet braue fellows, and presume of Fame,
 And seeme to beare downe all the world with lookes ?
 What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
 On whose indeuours few or none scarce lookes ?
 Doe you not see these Pamphlets, Libels and Rymes,
 These strange confused tumults of the minde,
 Are growne to be the sicknesse of these times,
 The great disease inflicted on mankind ?
 Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes, 450
 Haue issue with your indiscretion ioyn'd.
 Schooles, Artes, Professions, all in so great store,
 Passe the proportion of the present state ;
 Where, being as great a number as before,
 And fewer roomes them to accommodate :
 It cannot be but they must throng the more,
 And kick, and thrust, and shoulder with Debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine 4
Of farre inferiour vertues in their fight :
They present, with the sharpe of Enuie, straine
To wound them with reproches and despight :
And for these cannot haue as well as they,
They scorne their faith should deigne to looke that w
Hence, discontented Sects and Schismes arise,
Hence interwounding Controuerfies spring,
That feede the Simple, and offend the Wise,
Who know the consequence of cauelling
Disgrace, that these to others doe deuise : 4
Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,
Like scolding wiues, reckning each others fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.
For when to these rare dainties, time admits
All commers, all complexions, all that will,
Where none should be let in but choifest wits,
Whose milde discretion could comport with skill :
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill ?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand, 4
And for aught els whereto they shall b'addrest,
They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land,
As out of ranke, disordring all the rest :
This grace of theirs, to seeme to vnderstand,
Marres all their grace, to doe, without their rest.
Men finde, that action is another thing,
Then what they in discourfing papers reade :
The worlds affaires require in managing,
More Artes then those wherein you Clerkes procee

Whilst timorous Knowledge stands confidering, 490
 Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede ;
 For who knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt ;
 The least discourse is commonly most stout ;
 This sweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene
 Out from the fields of naturall delight,
 And makes you hide, vnwilling to be seene
 In th'open concourse of a publike fight :
 This skill, wherewith you haue so cunning beene,
 Vnfinues all your powres, vnman's you quite.
 Publike societie and commerce of men 500
 Require another grace, another port :
 (This Eloquence, these Rymes, these Phrases then,
 Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no fort ;
 Th'vnmateriall swelling of your Pen
 Touch not the spirit that action doth import ;
 A manly stile, fitted to manly eares
 Best grees with wit ; not that which goes so gay,
 And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares
 Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe sway,
 And waites on th'humour of his pulse that beares 510
 His passions set to such a pleasing kay :
 Such dainties serue onely for stomackes weake ;
 For men doe fowlest, when they finest speake.
 Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise
 Be sung, the great heroicall deserts,
 Of braue renowned spirits ; whose exercise
 Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,
 And serue a modell for posterities,
 To fashion them fit for like glorious parts :
 But so, that all our spirits may tend hereto, 520
 To make it, not our grace, to say, but do.

Mvsophilus.

MVch thou haft faid, and willingly I heare,
 As one that am not fo poſſeſt with Loue
 Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
 An eare to learne, then a tongue to diſproue :
 I know men muſt, as carried in their ſpheare,
 According to their proper motions, moue.
 And that courſe likes them beſt which they are on,
 Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falſhood none.
 I doe confeſſe our limits are but ſmall, 531
 Compar'd with all the whole vaſte earth beſide;
 All which, againe, rated to that great All,
 Is likewise as a poynt, ſcarcely deſcribe :
 So that in theſe reſpects, we may this call,
 A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.
 But if we ſhall deſcend from that high ſtand
 Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
 And caſt our thoughts, but to, and not beyond
 This ſpacious circuit which we tread vpon ; 540
 We then may eſtimate our mighty land,
 A world, within a world ſtanding alone.
 Where, if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
 What, ſhall we imagine it is pen'd,
 That hath ſo great a world to walke about,
 Whoſe bounds with her reports haue both one end ?
 Why ſhall we not rather eſteeme her ſtout,
 That farther then her owne ſcorne to extend ?
 Where being ſo large a roome, both to doe well,
 And eke to heare th'applauſe of things well done, 550
 That farther, if men ſhall our vertues tell,
 We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won ;

It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
 The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
 And for the few that onely lend their eare,
 That few, is all the world ; which with a few
 Doe euer liue, and moue, and worke, and stirre.
 This is the heart doth feele and onely know
 The rest of all, that onely bodies beare,
 Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row. 560
 And serues as others members, not their owne,
 The instruments of those that doe direct.
 Then what disgrace is this, not to be knowne
 To those know not to giue themselues respect ?
 And though they swell with pompe of folly blowne,
 They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.
 And for my part, if onely one allow
 The care my labouring spirits take in this,
 He is to me a Theater large enow,
 And his applause onely sufficient is : 570
 All my respect is bent but to his brow,
 That is my All ; and all I am, is his.
 And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,
 It shall more comfort breede, but not more will.
 But what if none ? It cannot yet vndoo
 The loue I beare vnto this holy skill :
 This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
 This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.
 (Let those that know not breath, esteeme of winde,
 And set t'a vulgar ayre their seruile song ; 580
 Rating their goodnesse by the praise they find,
 Making their worth on others fits belong ;
 As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,
 And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.

Hath that all-knowing powre ^(poetie) that holdes within
 The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,
 (Where, whatfoeuer is, or what hath bin,
 Reflects a certaine image of the same)
 No inward pleasures to delight her in,
 But she must gad to seeke an almes of Fame? 590
 Must she, like to a wanton Curtezan,
 Open her brefts for shew, to winne her praise;
 And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man
 As if she were enamour'd of his wayes,
 And knew not Weakenesse, nor could rightly scan
 To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes?
 She that can tell, how proud Ambition
 Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,
 But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion:
 For which, how much it sweats, how much it's thrall?
 What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done, 601
 Th'endes in expectation neuer fall;
 Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
 And prostrate her faire body, to commit
 Folly with earth, and to defile that state
 Of cleereneffe, for so grosse a benefit?
 Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,
 And Glory of her owne to furnish it:
 Her selfe, a recompence sufficient
 Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content. 610
 I't not enough, that she hath rais'd so hie,
 Those that be hers, that they may fit and see
 The earth below them, and this All to lie
 Vnder their view, taking the true degree
 Of the iust height of swolne Mortalitie,
 Right as it is, not as it seemes to be?

And vndeceiued with the Paralax
 Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
 By these mask'd outfides what the inward lackes ;
 Meas'ring man by himselfe, not by his shew ; 620
 Wondering not at their rich and golden backes,
 That haue poore mindes and little else to shew :
 Nor taking that for them which well they see
 Is not of them, but rather is their loade :
 The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be
 Deemed within, when they be all abroad : [knee,
 Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap and
 Which they suppose, is on themselues bestow'd.
 And thinke like *Ifis* Affe, all Honours are
 Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done 630
 Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
 That onely makes them to be gazed on :
 For take away their packe, and shew them bare,
 And see what best this Honour rides vpon.
 Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
 To let them in vnto the highest Stage
 Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels, to suruay
 The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,
 That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gaine say,
 Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age. 640
 And shall we trust goodnesse as it proceedes
 From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath
 Will make it bad againe vnlesse it feedes
 The present humour that it fauoureth ?
 Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
 Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloeweth ?
 Then whereto serues it to haue bin inlarg'd
 With this free manumission of the mind,

If for all that, we still continue charg'd
 With those discou'red errors which we finde? 650
 As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,
 Yet we our selues staid in a seruile kinde.
 That Vertue must be out of countenance,
 If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow braine,
 Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
 Neglect, distaste, vncomprehend, disdain; ;
 When such sicke eyes can neuer cast a glance,
 But through the colours of their proper staine.
 Though, I must needes confesse, the small respect,
 That these great-seeming best of men doe giue, 660
 (Whose brow begets th'inferior sorts neglect,)
 Might moue the weake irresolute to grieve :
 But stronger, see how iustly this defect
 Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue :
 That Learning needs must runne the common fate
 Of all things else, thrust on by her owne weight,
 Comporting not her selfe in her estate
 Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit :
 Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate
 Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite, 670
 Discou'red haue our inward gouernement,
 And let in hard opinion to Disgrace
 The generall, for some weake impotent
 That beare out their disease with a stolne face ;
 Who (filly soules) the more wit they haue spent,
 The lesse they shew'd, not bettring their bad case.)
 And see how soone this rowling world can take
 Aduantage for her dissolution,
 Faine to get loose from this withholding stake
 Of ciuill Science and Discretion : 680

How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make
 One formelesse forme of one confusion ?
 Like tyrant *Ottomans* blindfolded state,
 Which must know nothing more, but to obey :
 For this, seekes greedy Ignorance t'abate
 Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway :
 For this, it practises to dissipate
 Th'vnsheltred troupes, till all be made away.
 For, since our Fathers finnes pull'd first to ground
 The pale of their disseuered dignitie, 690
 And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound
 That parted learning and the Laity,
 And laid all flat in common, to confound
 The honour and respect of Pietie :
 It did so much inuile the estimate
 Of th'opened and inuulgar'd mysteries,
 Which now reduc'd vnto the basest rate,
 Must waite vpon the *Norman* subtilties,
 Who (being mounted vp into their state)
 Doe best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize. 700
 And yet, though now fet quite behinde the traine
 Of vulgar sway (and light of powre weigh'd light)
 Yet would this giddy innouation faine
 Downe with it lower, to abase it quite :
 And those poore remnants that doe yet remaine
 The spoyled markes of their diuided right :
 They wholly would deface to leaue no face
 Of reuerent Distinction and Degree,
 As if they weigh'd no difference in this case,
 Betwixt Religions Age and Infancie : 710
 Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace,
 Left turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.

Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,
 (Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
 Vnto the forme of their first orderings,
 Is the best meanes that dissolution stayes,
 And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings,
 T'obserue the line from whence they tooke their wayes.
 Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
 Not leuell to the times condition : 720
 To alter course, may bring men more astray,
 And leauing what was knowne to light on none ;
 Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,
 Of that which alway should continue one.
 For this is that close kept *Palladium*
 Which once remoou'd, brings ruine euermore :
 This stir'd, makes men fore-fetled, to become
 Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before :
 Whilst Faith disputes that vsed to be dombe,
 And more men strue to talke, then to adore. 730
 For neuer head-strong Reformation will
 Rest, till to th'extreame opposite it runne,
 And ouer-runne the meane distrustd still,
 As being too neare of kinne, to that men shunne :
 For good, and bad, and all, must be one ill,
 When once there is another truth begunne.
 So hard it is an euen hand to beare,
 In tamp'ring with such maladies as these ;
 Left that our forward passions launce too neare,
 And make the cure proue worse then the disease: 740
 For with the worst we will not spare the best,
 Because it growes with that, which doth displease :
 And faults are easier lookt in, then redrest :
 Men running with such eager violence,

At the first view of errorrs fresh in quest ;
 As they, to rid an inconuenience,
 Sticke not to raife a mischiefe in the steed,
 Which after mocks their weake improuidence :
 And therefore doe make not your owne sides bleed
 To pricke at others : you that would amend 750
 By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed,
 By going backe vnto the farther end,
 Let stand that little Couert left behinde,
 Whereon your succours and respects depend.
 (And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,
 With vnder-rating of your felues so base :
 You that the mighties doores doe crooching find,
 To sell your felues to buy a little grace,
 Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,
 For that, which being got, is not your place : 760
 For if it were, what needed you to buy
 What was your due ; your thirsting shewes your shift,
 And little worth that seekes iniuriously
 A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift ?
 We cannot say, that you were then prefer'd,
 But that your money was, or some worse gift.
 O scattrring gath'ers, that without regard
 Of times to come, will to be made, vndo
 As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
 To bury in your graues all other to. 770
 Dare you prophane that holy portion
 Which neuer sacrilegious hand durst do ?
 Did forme-establishing Deuotion,
 To maintaine a respectiue reuerence
 Extend her bountifull prouision,
 With such a charitable prouidence,

For your deforming hands to diffipate,
 And make Gods due, your impious expence?
 No maruell then, though th'ouerpeftred State
 Want roome for goodneffe, if our little hold 780
 Be lefned vnto fuch a narrow rate,
 That Reuerence cannot fit, fit as it fhould:
 And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,
 That fhall not want voyde roomes if this courfe hold?
 And more then will be fill'd; for who will ftaine
 To get an empty title, to betray
 His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,
 And gaine a Port, without fupport or ftay?
 What neede hath Enuy to maligne their ftate,
 That will themfelues, fo kind, giue it away? 790
 This makes indeede our number paffe the rate
 Of our prouifions: which, if dealt aright,
 Would yeeld fufficient roome t'accommodate,
 More then we haue in places requifite.
 The ill difpofing onely doth vs fet
 In difaray, and out of order quite.
 Whiles other guifts then of the minde fhall get
 Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,
 And to our trauels, neither benefit,
 Nor grace, nor honour, nor refpect accrewes: 800
 The fickneffe of the States foule, Learning, then
 The bodies great diftemprature infues.
 For if that Learnings roomes to learned men
 Were as their heretage diftributed,
 All this difordred thruft would ceafe: for when
 The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy frustrated,
 Thefe would b'afham'd to feeke, thofe to b'vnfought,
 And ftay'ng their turne, were fure they fhould be fped.

Then would our drooping Academies, brought
 Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand 810
 Of loft Opinion, and no more be thought,
 Th'vnneccessary furnish of the land,
 Nor discourag'd with their small esteeme,
 Confus'd, irresolute and wauering stand :
 Caring not to become profound, but feeme
 Contented with a superficial skill ;
 Which for a sleight reward enough they deeme,
 When th'one succeedes as well as th'other will :
 Seeing shorter wayes leade sooner to their end,
 And others longer trauels thrue so ill. 820

Then would they onely labour to extend
 Their now vnsearching spirit beyond these bounds
 Of others powres ; wherein they must be pend,
 As if there were besides, no other grounds :
 And set their bolde *Plus ultra* farre without
 The pillers of those Axioms Age propounds :
 Discou'ring daily more and more about,
 In that immense and boundlesse Ocean
 Of Natures riches ; neuer yet found out,
 Nor fore-clof'd, with the wit of any man. 830
 So farre beyond the ordinary course
 That other vnindustrious Ages ran,
 That these more curious times, they might diuorce
 From the opinion they are linckt vnto
 Of our disable and vnactiue force,
 To shew true knowledge can both speake and do :
 Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde,
 With all prouisions that belong thereto :
 That their Experience may not come behinde
 The times concept, but leading in their place, 840

May make men see the weapons of the minde
 Are States best strengths, and kingdoms chiefeſt grace;
 And roomes of charge, charg'd full with worth and
 praife,

Makes Maieſtie appeare with her full face,
 Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,
 Vnſcanted of her parts, vnſhadowed
 In any darkened poynt; which ſtill bewrayes
 The wane of Powre, when powr's vnſupplied,
 And hath not all thoſe intire complements
 Wherewith the State ſhould for her ſtate be ſped. 850

And though the fortune of ſome age conſents
 Vnto a thouſand errors groſſely wrought,
 Which flouriſht ouer with their faire euents,
 Haue paſt for currant, and good courſes thought:
 The leaſt whereof, in other times againe
 Moſt dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,
 Whiſt to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
 The good ſucceſſes of ill manag'd deedes:
 Though th'ignorant deceiued with colours vaine,
 Miſſe of the cauſes whence this lucke proceedes. 860
 Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
 Make eu'n that weakenefſe ſometimes well ſucceedes.)

I grant, that ſome vnlettred praſtique may
 (Leauing beyond the *Alpes*, Faith and Reſpect
 To God and man) with impious cunning, ſway
 The courſes fore-begunne with like effect,
 And without ſtop, maintaine the turning on,
 And haue his errors deem'd without defect:

But when ſome powerfull oppoſition,
 Shall, with a ſound incountring ſhocke, diſioynt 870
 The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon,

Th'experience of the present difappoynt,
 And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
 Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt :
 Shall driue the world to fommeon all their Artes,
 And all too little for fo reall might,
 When no aduantages of weaker parts
 Shall beare out shallow counsels from the light :
 And this fence-opening action (which doth hate
 Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right. 880
 Who then holdes vp the glory of the State
 (Which letred armes, and armed letters won)
 Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
 Contemn'd *Iustinian*, or else *Littleton* ?
 When it shall not be held wisedome to be
 Priuately made, and publikely vndone :
 But found defignes that iudgement shall decree
 Out of a true difcerne, of the cleere wayes
 That lie direct, with safe-going Equitie ;
 Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes. 890
 Extending forth their prouidence, beyond
 The circuit of their owne particular :
 That eu'n the ignorant may vnderstand,
 How that deceit is but a cauillar ;
 And true vnto it felfe can neuer stand,
 But still muft with her owne conclufions warre.
 Can Truth and Honeftie, wherein confifts
 The right, repose on earth ? the fureft ground
 Of Truft, come weaker arm'd into the lifts,
 Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it felfe confound ? 900
 Or shall Prefumption that doth what it lifts,
 Not what it ought, carry her courfes found ?
 Then, what safe place out of confufion

Hath plaine proceeding Honeſtie to dwell ?
 What fute of grace hath Vertue to put on,
 If Vice ſhall weare as good, and doe as well ?
 If Wrong, if Craft, if Indifcretion,
 Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable ?
 Which all this mighty volume of euent,
 The world, the vniuerfall map of deedes 910
 Strongly controwles, and proues from all difcents,
 That the directest courſes beſt ſucceedes
 When Craft, wrapt ſtill in many comberments
 With all her cunning thriues not, though it ſpeedes.
 For, ſhould not graue and learn'd Experience
 That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beſide,
 And with all ages holdes intelligence,
 Goe fafer then Deceit without a guide ?
 Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
 Croſſing the waies of Right, ſtill runs more wide : 920
 Who will not grant ? and therefore this obſerue,
 No ſtate ſtands ſure, but on the grounds of Right,
 Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preſerue,
 And all the powres of Learning requiſite :
 Though other ſhifts a preſent turne may ſerue,
 Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light.
 And doe not thou contemne this ſwelling tide
 And ſtreame of words, that now doth riſe ſo hie
 About the vſuall bankes, and ſpreads ſo wide
 Ouer the borders of Antiquitie : 930
 Which I confeſſe comes euer amplifie
 With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie :
 And is with that ſame hand of happineſſe
 Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands :
 Yet ſo, as if let out but to redreſſe,

And calme, and sway th'affections it commands :
 Which as it stirres, it doth againe repress
 And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withstands.
 Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence,
 That with the strong reine of commanding words, 940
 Doft manage, guide, and master th'eminence
 Of mens affections, more then all their fwords :
 Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
 The richest treasure that our wit affords ?
 Thou that canst doe much more with one poore pen
 Then all the powres of Princes can effect :
 And draw, diuert, dispose and fashion men
 Better then force or rigour can direct :
 Should we this ornament of Glory then
 As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades, neglect ? 950
 Or should we carelesse, come behinde the rest
 In powre of words, that goe before in worth,
 Whenas our accents equall to the best,
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth :
 When all that euer hotter spirits exprest,
 Comes bettred by the patience of the North.
 And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
 The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
 This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,
 T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ? 960
 What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident
 May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours ?
 Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
 The greatnesse of our stile is now ordain'd ?
 What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command,
 What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,
 What mischiefe it may powrefully withstand,

And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.
 And as for Poefie (mother of this force)
 That breedes, brings forth, and nourifhes this might,
 Teaching it in a loofe, yet meafured courfe, 971
 With comely motions how to goe vpright :
 And fostring it with bountifull difcourfe,
 Adornes it thus in fashions of delight,
 What fhould I fay? fince it is well approu'd
 The fpeech of heauen, with whom they haue commerce;
 That onely feeme out of themfelues remou'd,
 And doe with more then humane fkills conuerfe :
 Thofe numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,
 Shew, weakenefle fpeakes in Profe, but powre in Verfe.
 Wherein thou likewise feemeft to allow, 981
 That th'aëts of worthy men fhould be preferu'd :
 As in the holieft Tombes we can beftow
 Vpon their glory that haue well deferu'd,
 Wherein thou doft no other Vertue fhew,
 Then what moft barbrous Countries haue obferu'd :
 When all the happieft Nations hitherto
 Did with no leffer glory fpeake, then do.
 Now to what elfe thy malice fhall obieët,
 For Schooles, and Artes, and their neceffitie : 990
 When from my Lord, whose iudgement muft direct,
 And forme, and fation my abilitie,
 I fhall haue got more ftrengh ; thou fhalt expect
 Out of my better leafure, my reply.

FINIS.

IX.
OCCASIONAL POEMS
FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.
1593—1607.

NOTE.

The sources of these scattered Poems are recorded in their places. See on them our ' Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical ' in closing volume.

A. B. G.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

*An Ode.*¹



OW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers ;
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of siluer showers ;
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap, 10
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher fap :
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,
(babling gueft of Rocks and hils,)
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and founds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that she her Louer kills. 20

¹ Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,'¹,².

Whilst that she (O cruell Mayd)
 doth me and my true loue despise ;
 My liues florish is decayed,
 that depended on her eyes :
 But her will must be obeyed,
 and well he ends for loue who dies.

*A Pastorall.*¹

O Happy golden Age,
 Not for that Riuers ranne
 With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees ;
 Not that the earth did gage 31
 Vnto the husband-man
 Her voluntary fruites, free without fees :
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cloud beguile,
 Th'eternall flowring Spring
 Wherein liu'd euey thing,
 And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile ;
 Not for no ship had brought
 From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill fought. 40
 But onely for that name,
 That Idle name of wind :
 That Idoll of deceit, that empty sound
 Call'd HONOR, which became
 The tyran of the minde,
 And so torments our Nature without ground ;
 Was not yet vainly found :
 Nor yet sad griefes imparts

¹ Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,'^{1 2},

Amidst the sweet delights
 Of ioyfull amorous wights. 50
 Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne
 hearts.

But golden lawes like these
 Which nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth please.*

Then amongst flowres and springs
 Making delightfull sport,
 Sate Louers without conflict, without flame ;
 And Nymphs and shepheards sings,
 Mixing in wanton fort
 Whisp'rings with Songs, then kisses with the same
 Which from affection came : 60
 The naked virgin then
 Her Roses fresh reueales,
 Which now her vaile conceales :
 The tender Apples in her bosome seene.
 And oft in Riuers cleere
 The Louers with their Loues comforting were.

HONOR, thou first didst close
 The spring of all delight :
 Denying water to the amorous thirst
 Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose 70
 The glory of their light ;
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reuerst.
 Thou in a lawne didst first
 Those golden haire incase,
 Late spread vnto the wind ;
 Thou mad'st loose grace vnkind,
 Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
 O Honour it is thou
 That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow.

It is thy worke that brings 80
Our griefes, and torments thus :
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The quallifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, fhut from aboue ?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected, base,
Liue ftill without thy grace,
And th'vfe of th'ancient happy ages keepe : 90
Let's loue : this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue : the fun doth fet, and rife againe,
But whenas our fhort light
Comes once to fet, it makes eternall night.



*A Description of Beauty, translated
out of Marino.¹*

I



Beauty (beames, nay flame
Of that great lampe of light)
That shines a while, with fame,
But presently makes night :
Like Winters short-liu'd bright,
Or Summers suddaine gleames,
How much more deare, fo much
loffe-lasting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,
And with it time doth beare ;
And both take suddainly
The sweate, the faine, the deare :
A shining day, and cleare,
Succeedes an obscene night,
And sorrow is the hewe of sweet delight.

3

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-borne day ?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell
O beauty made of clay ?

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623.

Not with to swift away
The headlong corrant flyes,
As do the sparkling rayes of two faire eyes.

4

Do not thy felfe betray
VVith wantonizing yeares :
O beauty, traytors gay,
Thy melting life that weares,
Appearing, difappeares,
And with thy flying dayes,
Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayfe.

5

Truft not, vaine creditor
Thy apt deceiued view,
In thy falfe counfellor,
That neuer tels thee true :
Thy forme, and flattred hew,
Which fhall fo foone tranfpaffe,
Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glaffe.

6

Inioy thy Aprill now,
Whilst it doth freely fhine ;
This lightning flafh and fhew,
With that cleare fpirit of thine,
Will fuddainly decline ;
And thou faire murthering eyes
Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.

7

Old trembling age will come,
 With wrinkled cheekes, and ftaines,
 With motion troublesome,
 With skinne and bloodlesse veines,
 That liuely visage reauen,
 And made deform'd and old,
 Hates fight of glasse, it lou'd so to behold.

8

Thy gold, and scarlet shall
 Pale filuer colour bee,
 Thy rowe of pearles shall fall
 Like withred leaues from tree ;
 And thou shalt shortly see
 Thy face and haire to grow
 All plough'd with furrowes, ouer-fowne with snow.

9

That which on *Flora's* brest,
 All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest,
 Saw in her dawning spring ;
 Quite dry and languishing
 Depriu'd of honour quite,
 Day-closing *Hesperus* beholds at night.

10

Faire is the Lilly, faire
 The Rose, of flowers the eye ;
 Both wither in the ayre,

Their beautious colours die ;
And so at length shall lye
Depriu'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy brefts, the roses of thy face.

I I

What then wilt it auaille,
O youth aduised ill,
In lap of beauty fraile
To nurse a way-ward will ;
Like snake in funne-warme hill ?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,
That springs, and parcheth in one short howre.

To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent, Sr. Phillip Sidney.¹



O the pure Spirit, to thee alone addrest
Is this ioynt worke, by double intrist
thine ;

Thine by his owne, and what is done
of mine

Inspir'd by thee, thy secret powre
imprest. [combine

My Muse with thine, it selfe dar'd to

As mortall staffe with that which is diuine :

Lct thy faire beames giue luster to the rest.

That Israels King may daygne his owne transform'd

In substance no, but superficiall tire :

11

And English guif'd in some fort may aspire

To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd :

His sacred Tones, age after age admire.

Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire

So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soule which honour brought to rest

To foone not leaft, and reaft the world of all

What man could shew, which we perfection call ;

This precious peece had fort'd with the best.

20

But ah ! wide festred wounds that neuer shall

Nor must be clos'd, vnto fresh bleeding fall :

Ah memory, what needs this new arrift.

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623—query for Sidney's 'Psalmes.' See
'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

Yet blessed grieffe, that sweetnes can impart
 Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complaine ;
 What euer weights my heauy thoughts sustaine
 Deere feesles my foule for thee. I know my part,
 Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a staine ;
 Rites to aright, life bloud would not refraine :
 Affist me then, that life what thine did part. 30

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet supprest,
 In whom, thy losse hath layd to vtter waft
 The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't,
 Remayning as the tombe of life disceast :
 VVhere, in my heart the higheft roome thou hast ;
 There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't :
 Triumph of death, in life how more then blest.

Behold ! O that thou were now to behold,
 This finisht long perfections part begun ;
 The rest but peic'd, as leaft by thee vndone ; 40
 Pardon blest foule, presumption ouerbold :
 If loue and zeale hath to this error run
 Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,
 Nor can enough, though iustly here contrould.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
 Nor other purpose but to honour thee,
 That thine may shine, where all the graces be ;
 And that my thoughts (like smallest streames that flow,
 Pay to their sea, their tributary fee)
 Do striue, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free, 50
 That mighty debt of infinits I owe.

To thy great worth which time to times inroule
 VVonder of men, sole borne, foule of thy kind
 Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind,
 For wifdome, goodnes, sweetnes, fairest foule :
 To good to wifh, to faire for earth, refin'd
 For Heauen, where all true glory refts confin'd :
 And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this caft-vp fomme,
 This reckning made the Audit of my woe, 60
 Some time of rafe my fwelling paffions know,
 How work my thoughts, my fenfe, is ftricken dombe
 That would the more then words could euer fhew ;
 Which all fall fhort. Who knew thee beft do know
 There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And reft faire monuments of thy faire fame,
 Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
 What on that goodly peece, time would haue wrought.
 Had diuers fo spar'd that life (but life) to frame
 The reft : alas fuch losse the world hath nought 70
 Can equall it, nor O more grievance brought,
 Yet what remains muft euer crowne thy name.

Receiue thefe Hims, thefe obfequies receiue,
 (If any marke of thy fecret fpirit thou beare)
 Made only thine, and no name els muft weare.
 I can no more deare foule, I take my leaue,
 My forrow ftrives to mount the higheft Sphere.

*Vlisses and the Syren.*¹

Syren. Come worthy Greeke, *Vlisses* come
Possesse these shores with me :
The windes and Seas are troublesome,
And heere we may be free.

Here may we fit, and view their toile
That trauaile on the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Vlis. Faire Nymph, if fame, or honor were 10
To be atteynd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leaue such toyles as these.

But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth :
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. *Vlisses*, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name :
This honour is a thing conceiu'd, 20
And rests on others fame.

Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And giue vs vp to toile.

¹ From "Certaine Small Poems Lately Printed : with the
Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samvel Daniel.

At London. Printed by *G. Eld* for *Simon Waterfon* 1605 (12mo),"
also in 1607, 1611, etc., but not in 4to of 1623. G.

Vlis. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manlines would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport.

For toyle doth giue a better touch, 30
To make vs feele our ioy :
And ease finds tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syr. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore
Whereto tends all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disporte them diuersly,
Finde neuer tedious day,
And ease may haue varietie, 40
As well as action may.

Vlis. But natures of the noblest frame,
These toyles, and dangers please,
~ And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease.

And with the thoughts of actions past
Are reuealed still ;
When pleasure leaues a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cause, 50
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes
Then euer Nature did.

No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud,
The world we see by warlike wights,
Receiues more hurt then goud.

Vlis. But yet the state of things require
These motions of vnrest,
And these great Sports of high desire, 60
Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischiefes that increase
And all good order mar :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syr. Well, well *Vlisses* then I see
I shall not haue thee heare,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.

I must be wonne that cannot win; 70
Yet lost were I not wonne :
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndonne.

* * * “*The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice.*”—Prefixed to this poem in the folio of 1602 is the following short letter :—

“ TO EDWARD SEYMOUR

10

Earle of Hertford :

Concerning his question of a distressed
man in a Boate vpon the Seas.

Noble Lord, the iudgements of
men, as euer according to the
fet of their affections, and as
the images of their passions are
drawn within, so they send forth the
forme of their opinions : and accordingly
must I iudge of this case (which your
Honour hath moued vnto me) as my selfe
do stand looking thorow the prospectiue
of min owne imagination, that onely
takes measure of other mens passions by
that it selfe feeles. Referring the same to
the better censure of your honour,
Who shall euer commaund me,
Samuel Daniel.”

20

28



Y vnkinde Loue, or she that loues me
deare,
Neptune will haue cast forth to calme
the Seas.
One of these two, or all must perish
here :
And therefore now, which shall I
saue of these ?

Ah ! doe I make a question which to saue,
When my desires share but one onely part !
Who should it be but she to whom I haue
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart ?
She, she must liue, the tempests of whose brow
Confound me more then all these stormes can doo, 10
And but for whom I liue : And therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too ?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigour of these waues, and her hard heart,
Who must saue him who would not let her die :
Nor can she but reward so great desert.

She cannot, but in mercy needes must giue
Comfort to him, by whom her selfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

B Vt shall the bloud of her that loues me then 20
Be sacrific'd to her disdainefulnesse
That scornes my loue ? and shall I hope to win
Mercie from her, by being mercilesse ?

Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
 Raife her proude heart t'a higher set of scorne,
 When she shall see my passions are distain'd
 With blood, although it were to serue her turne ?
 Since th'act of ill, though it fall good to vs,
 Makes vs yet hate the doer of the fame :
 And though my hand should haue preferu'd her thus, 30
 Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame ;
 Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
 And th'imperfections of my passions ; which
 She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
 And therein ioyes t'haue vanquish't me so much.
 And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward,
 It breeds a loathing in the heart of Grace ;
 That must worke free out of her owne regard,
 And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.
 So shall I then haue bent against my soule 40
 Both her disdaine, and th'horror of that deed ;
 Which euer must my crueltie controule,
 And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed.
 And though it be requir'd that one must go,
 By message sent me from the powrs Diuine,
 Yet will I not redeeme my safety so ;
 Though life be in their hand, death is in mine.
 And therefore since compassion cannot be
 Cruell to either, *Neptune* take all three.

Resumptio.

50

BVt that were to be cruell to all three,
 Rebell to Nature, and the gods arrest,
 Whose ordinances must obserued be ;
 Nor may our frailty with the heauens contest.

Why then that must be done that's least vniust,
And my affections may not beare a part
With crueltie and wrong. But here I must
Be of a fide, to goe against my hart,
And her disdaine her due reward must haue :
She must be cast away that would not saue.

60

S. D.

Of William Jones, his "Nennio 1595."

*H*ere dost thou bring (my friend) a stranger borne
 To be indenized with vs, and made our owne,
 Nobilitie; whose name indeed is worne

By manie that are great, or mightie growne:

*But yet to him most natural, best knowne,
 To whom thou doost thy labours sacrifice,
 And in whom al those vertues best are showne
 Which here this little volume doth comprize.*

*Wheron when he shall cast his worthie eies,
 He here shal glasse himselfe, himselfe shal reed:
 The modell of his owne perfections lies
 Here plaine describ'd, which he presents indeed:*

10

*So that if men can not true worth discern
 By this discourse, looke they on him and learne.*

Sa. Danyel.

l. 6, the person meant is "Robert Devreux [*sic*], Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley," etc., to whom Wm. Jones dedicates *Nennio*. This Sonnet follows Ed. Spenser's "Who fo wil feeke by right deferts t'attaine," etc., and precedes George Chapman's Sonnet, "Accept thrice Noble *Nennio* at his hand," etc.

G.

From "Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homer's 'Odifsea,' and written in English Verfe. By Peter Colfe, 1596" appended to "Willobie's Auifa" (Dr. Grosart's "OCCASIONAL ISSUES," 1880).

Amico suo chariffimo P. C.—S. D.

O Vid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auifa.
 Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ?
 Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis : Auifa
 obscura, obscuro fœmina nata loco. 10
 Penelope fatrapæ est coniux illustris : Auifa
 coniux cauponis, filia pandochæi.
 Penelope casta est cum sponsus abeffet : Auifa
 casta suo sponso nocte diéque domi.
 Penelopeia annos bis denos mansit : Auifa
 tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret.
 Penelopeia procos centum neglexit : Auifa
 Vix septem pretium sustinuit precem,
 Penelope neuit, pensum confecit : Auifæ
 lassauit nunquam pendula tela manus. 20
 Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur : Auifæ
 vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.
 Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur : Auifa
 nullo Penelope est æquiualenda modo.

TRANSLATION (from Introduction to Willobie's *Avisa*, pp. xxv-vi).

To his most dear friend P. C.—S. D.¹

WHy seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—
 Avisa ?
 Is she with thy Penelope to vie ?
 The one renowned, revered, true to her own : Avisa
 An unknown woman from a place unknown.
 The one spouse of a prince of glorious name : Avisa
 Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same. 10
 The one is chaste, her husband being away : Avisa
 Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.
 The one through twice ten years strong to endure :
 Avisa
 Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.
 The one to a hundred lords refused her hand : Avisa
 The force and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.
 The one would spin until her task was done : Avisa
 Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.
 The one to the Greeks and Romans praise : Avisa
 Has but one man her name and fame to raise. 20
 Long live Penelope and flourish fair : Avisa
 May never with Penelope compare.

¹ As in Introduction *supra*, I doubt if the S. D. represent our Daniel ; still others think so, and it isn't impossible.

*From "Il Pastor Fido; or The Faithfull
Shepherd."* Translated out of Italian into
English. 1602.

To the right worthy and
learned Knight, Syr *Edward*
Dymock, Champion to her Maiestie, concerning
this translation of *Pastor Fido*.

I Do reioyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman) 10
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light :
Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enioyes the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Vnto us both the vertues of the North,
Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store, 20
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Sam. Daniell.

From "BARTAS his Deuine WEEKES &
Workes." Translated by Iofuah Syluester, 1605.

To my good friend,
M. Syluester, *in honour of this
sacred Worke.*

Thus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures, from a Forraine Coast,
And take that wealth wherin they gloried most,
And make it Ours by such a gallant pray,
And that without in-iustice ; doth bewray 10
The glory of the Worke, that we may boast
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away.
As thou industrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,
And heere enrich'd vs with th'immortall store
Of others sacred lines : which from them brought
Comes by thy taking greater then before :
So hast thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that neuer shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel. 20

From Clement Edmundes (Remembrancer of
the Cittie of London): his "Obferuations vpon
Cæfars Comentaries, 1609."

To my friend, Maifter Clement Edmonds.

WHO thus extracts, with more then Chymique Art,
The fpirit of Bookes, fhewes the true way to
finde

Th'Elixer that our leaden Parts conuart
Into the golden Metall of the Minde.

Who thus obferues in fuch materiall kinde
The certaine Motions of hie Practifes, 10
Knowes on what Center th'Actions of Mankinde
Turne in their courfe, and fees their fatalnes.

And hee that can make thefe obferuances,
Must be aboue his Booke, more then his Pen.
For, wee may be affur'd, hee men can gheffe,
That thus doth CÆSAR knowe ; the Man of men.

Whofe Work, improu'd here to our greater gaine, —
Makes CÆSAR more then CÆSAR to containe.

Sam. Danyell. 19

From "Queen Anna's New World of Words,"
etc. Collected by John Florio. 1611.

To my deare friend and brother *M. Iohn Florio*,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties Royall
Priuy-chamber.

I Stand not to giue praise before the face
Of this great worke, that doth it selfe commend :
But to congratulate the good and grace
That England com's thereby to apprehend :
And in hir name to thanke your industry 10
Laborius Flório, who haue so much wrought
To honour hir in bringing Italy
To speake hir language, and to giue hir note
Of all the treasure that rich tongue containes :
Wherein I cannot but admire your paines
In gathering vp this vniuersall store,
And furniture of words for euery arte,
And skill of man : So that there seem's no more
Beyond this searck, that knowledge can impart.
Which being a worke which would take vp the powers 20
Of more then one whole man, I wonder how
You could subtract so many serious howres
From that great summe of seruice that you owe.
But that it seemes the beaming Gracefullnesse
That lightens from the most refulgent QUEENE
Our sacred Mistris, work's that ablenesse
As mak's you more, then els you could haue beene.
Wherein the power of Princes well is seene
That can infuse such force, and make age greene.

And it were well, if in this season, when 30
They leaue erecting Churches, Colledges,
And pious monuments, they would build men
Who of their glory may be witnesse,
And what they doe be theirs : As Mazons raise
Work's not for them, but for their masters praise.
For, would they but be ples'd to know, how small
A portion of that ouer-flowing waste
Which run's from them, would turne the wheeles and all
The frame of wit, to make their glory last :
I thinke they would doe something : but the stirre 40
Still about greatnesse, giues it not the space
To looke out from it selfe, or to conferre
Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.
But that concern's not me, It is ynow
I doe applaud your worke. Thus from my Plow.

Samuel Daniel.

From John Florio's 1613 edition of his "Done into English" Essayes written in French by Michael Lord of Montaigne.

*To my deare brother and friend M. IOHN FLORIO,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties most
Royall Priuie Chamber.*

*B*ooks, like superfluous humors bred with ease
 So stuffe the world, as it becomes opprest
 With taking more than it can well digest;
 And now are turn'd to be a great disease. 10
 For by this ouercharging we confound
 The appetite of skill they had before:
 There be'ng no end of words, nor any bound
 Set to conceit the Ocean without shore.
 As if man laboured with himselfe to be
 As infinite in writing, as intents;
 And draw his manifold vncertaintie
 In any shape that passion represents:
 That these innumerable images
 And figures of opinion and discourse 20
 Draw'n out in leaues, may be the witnesses
 Of our defects much rather than our force.
 And this proud frame of our presumption,
 This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,
 Seemes only checkt with the confusion
 Of our mistakings that dissolueth it.

*And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt,
Seeing what vncertainties wee build vpon,
To be as weake within booke as without ;
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.* 30

*But yet although wee labor with this store
And with the presse of writings seeme opprest,
And haue to many bookes, yet want wee more,
Feeling great dearth and scarceneffe of the best ;
Which cast in choiser shapes haue bin produc'd,
To giue the best proportions to the minde
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd
The likeliest images frailltie can finde.
And wherein most the skill-desiring soule
Takes her delight, the best of all delight ;
And where her motions euenest come to rowle
About this doubtfull center of the right.* 40

*Which to discover this great Potentate,
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)
Hath more aduentur'd of his owne estate
Than euer man did of himselfe before :
And hath made such bold fallies out vpon
Custome : the mightie tyrant of the earth,
In whose Seraglio of subiection
Wee all seeme bred-up, from our tender birth ;
As I admire his powres, and out of loue,
Here at his gate do stand, and glad I stand
So neere to him whom I do so much loue,
T'applaude his happie setling in our land :
And safe transpassage by his studious care
Who both of him and vs doth merit much,
Hauing as sumptuously, as he is rare
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speech.* 50

*And made him now as free, as if borne here,
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs, though he be euery where
To haue the franchise of his worth allow'd.* 60

*It be'ing the proportion of a happie Pen,
Not to binuassal'd to one Monarchie,
But dwell with all the better world of men,
Whose spirits all are of one communitie ;
Whom neither Ocean, Defarts, Rockes nor Sands
Can keepe from th'intertraffique of the minde,
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
And doth a most secure commercement finde.* 70

*Wrap Excellencie vp neuer so much,
In Hieroglyphicques, Ciphers, Characters,
And let her speake neuer so strange a speech,
Her Genius yet finds apt discipherers :
And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,
But guided by the starres of her owne grace,
Makes her owne fortune, and is euer sure
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.*

And let the Critick say the worst he can, 80
*He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man ;
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.
Which yet h'is blest that he hath euer seene,
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yeelds him within,
Might spare to taxe th'unapt conuayances.
But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store
And that choyse stuffe, as that without the same* 90
The richest librarie can be but poore.

*And they vnblest who letters doe professe
And haue him not : whose owne fate beates their want
With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.*

By SAM. DANIEL one of the Gentlemen
extraordinarie of hir Maiesties most
royall priuie Chamber. 98

Concerning the honor of bookes.¹

*S*ince Honor from the Honorer proceeds,
 How well do they deserue that memorie
 And leaue in bookes for all posterities
 The names of worthyees, and their vertuous deedes
 When all their glorie els, like water weedes
 Without their element, presently dyes,
 And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyes :
 And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.
 How poore remembrances, are statutes, Toomes
 And other monuments that men erect
 To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes
 Where but a few behold them ; in respect
 Of Bookes, that to the uniuerfall eye
 Shew how they liu'd, the other where they lye.

10

¹ This Sonnet in 1613 edn. (not 1603) immediately follows the preceding poem, and though it has no signature, seems to belong to Daniel. G.

From "The Essayes, of Morall Politike and
Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne,
Kn^t, 1603 edition."¹

To my deere friend M. *Iohn Florio*, concerning
his translation of Montaigne.

B Ookes the amasse of humors, swolne with ease,
The Griefe of peace, the maladie of rest;
So stufte the world, falne into this disease,
As it receiues more then it can digest:
And doe so ouercharge, as they confound 10
The appetite of skill with idle store:
There being no end of words, nor any bound
Set to conceipt, the Ocean without shore.
As if man labor'd with himselfe to be
As infinite in words, as in intents,
And drawe his manifold incertaintie
In eu'ry figure, passion represents;
That these innumerable visages
And strange shapes of opinions and discourse
Shadowed in leaues, may be the witnesses 20
Rather of our defects, then of our force.
And this proud frame of our presumption,
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,
Seemes onely checkt with the confusion
Of our mistakings, that dissolueth it.

¹ The re-casting of this poem for 1613 edn., or ten years later, seems to call for the reproduction separately of its original form. G

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Seeing what vncertainties we build vpon,
To be as weake within booke as without ;
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And safe transpassage by his studious care,
Who both of him and vs doth merit much ;
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Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speech,*

*And made him now as free, as if borne here,
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs ; though he be euery where
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And they vnbleſt who letters do professe 90
And haue him not : whose owne fate beates their want
With more ſound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.

SAM. DANYEL.

*To the Right Reuerend Father in God,
Iames Montague, Lord Bishop of Winchester,
Deane of the Chapell, and one of his Maiesties
most Honorable Priuy Councell.*¹



Although you haue out of your proper
store
The best munition that may fortifie
A Noble heart as no man may haue
more,
Against the batteries of mortality :
Yet reuerend Lord voutfaze me leaue
to bring

One weapon more vnto your furnishment ; 10
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sicknesse may preuent :
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do ;
And let me tell you this you neuer could
Haue found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more faire proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity,
Nor giue more time to make resistances
And to repaire your breaches, then will this. 20

For whereas other sicknesse surprize,
Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,

¹ From Quarto of 1623. A holograph copy is preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on this.—G.

All sense of vnderstanding in such wise,
 As that they lay vs dead before we die,
 Or fire vs out of our inflamed fort,
 With rauing Phrenfies in a fearefull fort ;

This comes and steales vs by degrees away ;
 And yet not that without our priuity
 They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray ;
 Confounding vs with tortures instantly.

30

This fairely kills, they fowly murther vs,
 Trippe vp our heeles before we can discerne ;
 This giues vs time of treaty to discus
 Our suffering, and the cause thereof to learne.

Besides therewith we oftentimes haue truce
 For many months, sometimes for many yeares,
 And are permitted to inioy the vse

Of study, and although our body weares
 Our wit remaines ; our speach, our memory
 Faile not, or come before our selues to die :

40

We part together and we take our leaue
 Of friends, of kindred ; we dispose our state,
 And yeeld vp fairely what we did receiue
 And all our businesse accomodate :

So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
 But we depart from hence in quiet fort :
 The foe with whom we haue the battaile fought,
 Hath not subdu'd vs but got our Fort,
 And this disease is held most incident
 To the best natures and most innocent.

50

And therefore reuerend Lord, there cannot be
 A gentler passage then there is hereby,
 Vnto that port wherein we shall be free
 From all the stormes of worldly misery.

And though it shew vs dayly in our glasse,
 Our fading leafe turn'd to a yellow hue,
 And how it withers as the sap doth passe,
 And what we may expect is to insue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
 Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind, 60
 And haue all comforts vertue can beget,
 And most the conscience of well acted dayes ;
 Which all those monuments which you haue set
 On holy ground to your perpetuall praise,
 (As things best set) must euer testifie ;
 And shew the worth of Noble *Montague*.
 And so long as the Walls of Piety
 Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you ;
 And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall shew
 Their faire repaires to all Posterity ; 70
 And how much blest and fortunate they were
 That euer Gracious hand did plant you there ;
 Besides, you haue not only built vp walls
 But also (worthier edifices) men ;
 By whom you shall haue the memorialls
 And cuerlasting honor of the pen
 That whensoever you shall come to make
 Your Exit from this Scene wherein you haue
 Perform'd so noble parts, you then shall take
 Your leaue with honor, haue a glorious graue. 80
 " For when can men go better to their rest
 " Then when they are esteem'd and loued best ? "

SAM. DANIEL.

END OF VOL. I.

